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THE ESTABLISHED (FOREIGN) CHURCH IN OHIO.—[See Page 698.]

THE (FOREIGN) GOVERNOR OF OHIO (*the Native Governor has the floor*). "What are you going to do about it?"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1875.

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SENATOR MORTON IN OHIO.

THE speech of Senator MORTON at Urbana, in Ohio, reminds us of what should not be forgotten. Important as the financial question necessarily is to the country, and closely as it is brought home to every man's interest, it is not the only vital national question. It is naturally represented to be so by those who wish to obscure other and most serious issues. But those who assert that there is no Southern question, because "the South" is at peace, carefully conceal the fact that it is at peace chiefly because the national government is in Republican hands, and that it would cease to be so if the object for which the assertion is made should be accomplished, and the Democratic party return to power. And this for the simple reason that all those who are dissatisfied with the peace that exists in that quarter look to Democratic success as the sole ground of hope for disturbance. If it were well understood that the national government would continue under Republican control, all the discontented spirits in the Southern States would adjust themselves to the order established by reconstruction. But so long as they have a hope of overthrowing the Republicans they will be the source of apprehension and disorder. Mr. MORTON very truly says that reconciliation and harmony can not be accomplished by Northern celebrations and junketings. Every man from the Southern section, whether ex-rebel or not, is sure of courtesy and justice in the Northern States. All that is wanted is that every man, native or stranger, shall be sure of the same in the Southern States. When that is the situation, restoration will be complete. And that situation depends wholly upon the citizens of those States. The Senator wisely deprecates the confusion of right and wrong which is implied in the equal honoring of the soldiers upon both sides in the conflict. The gushing eagerness to shake hands over the bloody chasm is very likely to lead us to forget the eternal gulf that separates "the lost cause" of slavery from the sacred cause of liberty and justice. We are by all means to forgive, but by all our love of man and of country we are not to forget.

The continuance of Republican ascendency will be the final and conclusive proof that there is that universal acquiescence in the new order which is warmly asserted to exist by the Democrats. As the principles of reconstruction have been steadily denounced by them, as they have constantly described the Southern situation as a usurpation, a tyranny, a despotism, a satrapy, an anarchy, and as the first Democratic utterance after the Republican defeats of last autumn was a demand for the repeal of legislation under the amendments, it is evident that Democratic success must necessarily lead to attempts to withstand those principles, to overthrow that tyranny, and to repeal those laws. Mr. LAMAR, of Mississippi, has recently made a speech in which he describes the woes of "the South" as worse than those of Rome, and attributes them to Republican ascendency. He says that the sudden enfranchisement of the negroes was a great catastrophe. But he agrees that the rights of the blacks are the duties of the whites, and argues earnestly against the color line in politics. His speech is very suggestive. For if he feels so strongly what he calls the injustice of the Republican party, how much more strongly must the party and the people in whose name he speaks feel it! And how eager must they be to remedy that injustice by obviating the consequences of the catastrophe! His earnest appeal for respect of the rights of the colored citizens is the strongest evidence of a recognized contempt of them among his hearers, and that hostility, as we all know, counts upon Democratic success. We agree with Mr. LAMAR that a national policy of distrust and suspicion toward Mississippi and other Southern States is ungenerous and unwise. But such a policy, as he saw in Congress last winter, is not demanded by the Republican party. No sensible man, however, will accept a profusion of acquiescence or a gushing hurra for the flag as a reason for forgetting experience and despising knowledge of human nature. We spoke recently of General T. M. LOGAN'S speech to the Hampton Legion in South Carolina, in which he said that the ex-rebel soldiers had accepted the Union as their own. But in the same breath he declared that he was not willing to assert that the principles for which they fought had been settled or destroyed. Such talk may be dismissed as bravado. But it shows a spirit which sensible statesmen carefully observe, and patriotic men do not hasten to put the government into the hands of men who make such speeches, nor of those for whom they speak.

These are considerations that must not be overlooked, however urgent the financial question may be. Obviously the Democratic policy is to insist that the only question of the election next year is administrative reform. But the Southern Democracy cares very little for reform of any kind. And in other parts of the country what sign of Democratic interest in reform has been shown except Governor TILDEN'S war upon the Canal Ring in New York? In Ohio, in Connecticut, in New Hampshire, in Missouri, Maryland, and Kentucky, where the Democratic party is in the ascendant, what evidence of a desire or capacity of reform has it given? Governor TILDEN has pursued the canal frauds in New York. If that proves the Democratic party of the country to be a reform party, how much more do Mr. BRISTOW'S and Mr. JEWELL'S dealings with corruption and irregularity prove the national Republican party to be one of reform! Reform is the Democratic cry, but Democratic action in the Democratic States does not justify it. In Ohio, where the party has just declared for rag money and virtual repudiation, and where the Cincinnati *Commercial* says that there is not a considerable town that has not been for some time in the possession of the Democracy, the same paper adds that it has not been able, even from a commanding position on the fence, to see any reform. "On the contrary, things that were bad under Republican rule have grown worse under Democratic rule."

Mr. MORTON'S treatment of the financial question shows him to be more in accord than formerly with the general Republican sentiment. He states the exact ground held by him in 1866, when he was called an inflationist. He adopted the views of Senator SHERMAN in his report of that year as to the use of the original greenbacks in payment of the five-twenty bonds, but accompanied it with the declaration that the government should not avail itself of the right until the greenbacks were brought to par. The Senator also states that during the panic of 1873 he advised the President to issue "the reserve" of $44,000,000; but he is now of opinion that the hard times can not be relieved by more currency, but only "by economy, industry, and the operation of general causes." The PENDLETON scheme he regards as a movement toward the restoration of the old State bank system, and he clearly exposes the fallacy of the assertion of the inflationists that all the resources of the country are pledged for the paper issues. What is the value of a mortgage that can not be foreclosed? Mr. MORTON'S speech is valuable for reminding the country that the reunion of a people rent for so long a time and by so fundamental differences is not to be effected by shutting our eyes and "talking pleasantly."

TAMMANY AS A MORAL REFORMER.

IF the discipline of Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY by Tammany Hall could be accepted as an indication of a resolution upon the part of that political organization to purge and live cleanly, it would be a matter of public congratulation. But the names of the Tammany braves who propose to lop off immoral brethren make the whole business irresistibly comical. Were there any sign of the intention of Tammany to support General PORTER in his praiseworthy purpose of paying only the market price for labor, there would be ground of hope and applause. But the committee which reproves MORRISSEY for giving fifty dollars toward the expense of a "sham working-man's meeting," and which deplores the decline of the party vote in his district, is very careful to state, and to repeat with emphasis, that it does not support the sensible and honorable action of General PORTER. The question is one, therefore, of no other public interest than that of any quarrel of factions for the control of a party; and the assertion that the opponents of MORRISSEY are the friends of political purity is calculated to bring down all the grog-shops around Tammany Hall in an earthquake of laughter.

Whether JOHN MORRISSEY is put out of Tammany or stays in Tammany, there will be the usual election frauds and the usual monstrous perversion of the municipal patronage. There is probably no member of the organization in good standing who would not be as summarily expelled for political infidelity as MORRISSEY himself, if he should question the truth of MORRISSEY'S great principle that if you wish to maintain a party you must pay its "working" men. The only person in the Democratic squabble who seems to make a dignified appearance is the head of the Department of Public Works, who has apparently sought to do his duty by remembering that he is a public officer and not a party agent. General PORTER has had the training of the army, and precision, economy, and honorable fidelity to official civil trusts are much more common among soldiers than civilians. It is his attempt to save the city from fraud, and the Mayor's apparent wish to appoint capable and honest officers, that rent Tammany into Swallow-tails and Short-hairs. But while the Swallow-tails wave triumphant over Tammany, they hurl scorn at the "foul aspersions" of the Short-hairs that they are in favor of honesty.

MORRISSEY'S challenge to the Tammany chief and the contemptuous reply of that brave should seem to prove that the quarrel is really deadly. But it is impossible to say. We remember the virtuous wrath of some of the most notorious of the Tammany crew with TWEED, which turned out to be only a bid for higher wages. TWEED paid the price, and put the saints in his pocket. But as we observe that something is said of an alliance between all the opponents of Tammany, we take the liberty of advising Republicans to beware. The Tammany quarrel is a fight for power, but Democratic ascendency is essential to the possession of power, and generally neither faction will seriously imperil that. When a breach occurs in "the Wigwam," the course of the Republicans is plain. They should spurn every kind of bargain, and nominate their best men. Should they do so this autumn, and the MORRISSEY faction should choose to vote with them, the Republicans would have no obligations to fulfill. If the MORRISSEY men did not vote with them, their pretense of radical hostility to Tammany would be exposed, but not at Republican expense. Moreover, should a bargain be attempted, the candidates must be persons who would carry it out. But for such candidates honest men will not vote.

THE NEW YORK CANAL FRAUDS.

THE first report of the commission of investigation into the New York canal frauds is devoted to a thorough examination of the noted DENISON contract, and sets forth in the plainest way the elaborate and ingenious system of swindling practiced by the Canal Ring. The commission has evidently been diligent and intelligent. It has sought the truth sagaciously, and has found it. The DENISON contractors, leading members of the Canal Ring, which the report states appears to be the only permanent political power in the State, influencing and controlling the State officers, have appealed to the courts not to be forced to testify, and Judge LEARNED has decided in their favor. He says that the law which authorizes the commission "to issue subpœnas requiring the attendance of witnesses and the production of books and papers," and even to bring witnesses before it by force, does not empower it to compel them to testify. The learned judge rules that the Legislature has given the commission every power but that which is indispensable, and he has thus invited those who know the essential facts and are interested to conceal them to say nothing. The commission has, of course, appealed, and, pending the decision of the higher court, it reports what it has already ascertained.

The report itself must be read to understand how in the work upon the canals every requirement of law is perverted or evaded, and how thousands of dollars are stolen from the State Treasury by means of official falsehood. If the reader should be depressed by the reflection that so important a branch of the public business is corrupt, he may be consoled by two other reflections—one, that it ought not to be the public business, for the government ought neither to own nor to manage the canals; and the other, that if the corruption is deep and systematic, the honest purpose and intelligence to expose and abolish it are not less evident. It will help the reader to some apprehension of the system and of the amount of the frauds if we state that the DENISON contract covered a space of canal repairs less than eight miles in length, and that DENISON agreed to do the work for $74,183 40, and that when it was about two-thirds done he had received $491,260. This enormous sum was made up by false measurement and computation; by charging the State twice for work not done, as by pretending to make excavations that were never made, and putting back the same rock and earth as embankment, although they had not been disturbed. Fully one-third of the whole amount paid by the State upon this contract, $150,337 02, is for work which has not been done. It is a sheer theft from the Treasury. The surveys, maps, and estimates which the law requires were never made. The Canal Commissioners certified that they had seen maps and plans and estimates which did not exist. The Canal Board resolved that these imaginary documents should be adopted. The contract was advertised and let without any authority having the knowledge of the work and the materials which the law requires. A large percentage of the money paid upon the contract was paid with a full knowledge that the work had not been done. Not a single yard of the work done corresponds to the specifications. No assistant has been removed or rebuked for making false measurements and estimates, or for accepting dishonest work. Yet had the laws of the State and the regulations of the Canal Board been enforced, the work could have been already done for the sum originally appropriated. The commission concludes that the false and fraudulent measures, estimates, and allowances were only possible through the culpable neglect or connivance of the Canal Commissioners, O. BASCOM and JOHN D. FAY, the engineers, and the inspectors in charge.

All good citizens are indebted to the gentlemen of the commission for their fidelity and efficiency in investigating and exposing these frauds, and to Governor TILDEN for calling the attention of the Legislature and of the State to them, for recommending the inquiry, and for instructing the Attorney-General to bring suit, which he has done. Orders of arrest have been issued, with the bail fixed at $200,000. Those who say that the Governor's action is a mere political trick, and that he means nothing, evidently forget that they are speaking of the man who, when he once took hold of the TWEED prosecution, joined in pushing it relentlessly to the end. The war upon the Canal Ring is not a party question, and only the merest party spirit would decry it. Whatever honest men may think of the character and tendencies of parties, they are agreed upon the necessity of punishing corruption. The accomplices in the canal frauds are men of all parties, for it is only by such a union that the system is made permanent. And if either party gains an advantage when in power by vigorously prosecuting and punishing evil-doers and by promoting public honesty, it will not be deplored by any honorable adversary, who will gladly see that it will compel his own party to be even more vigilant in the same direction. When party contests have become only competitions for honest and economical administration, we shall be approaching the millennium.

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL.

IT is too late now to discuss the character of the celebration which has been undertaken by the Centennial Commission. The plan adopted will succeed or it will fail. Certainly no other will be attempted, and the energy, diligence, and sagacity with which General HAWLEY and his associates have devoted themselves to the work should inspire all patriotic citizens with the spirit of hearty co-operation. Nearly forty foreign nations have accepted the invitation of the United States. They have appointed commissions, appropriated money, and have begun their preparations with energy. The result will be a vast fraternal competition of arts and industries, in which we shall occupy the position of host; and we ought to know ourselves well enough to perceive that if the time arrives and the attention of the world is fixed upon us, as it must necessarily be, and we are unprepared, and the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, to which we have bidden mankind, is a huge failure, our national pride will suffer acutely in the peals of contemptuous laughter which will ring across the sea. The failure will be scornfully cited as another evidence of the shallow and ridiculous boasting of a self-governing people, and some biting SWIFT will exhort us to hide our proud legend, *Vox populi, vox Dei*, with the more evident truth, established by our first hundred years, of great cry and little wool.

Next year, undoubtedly, as the experience of this year at Concord, Lexington, and

Bunker Hill has shown, there will be a great national enthusiasm for the celebration. The people of the country will throng by millions to the happy city of the Declaration, and in every other city, town, and village between the oceans there will be proud exultation. But as our representatives in the government have agreed that the distinctive form of the national celebration shall be the great Exhibition, we can not too constantly and vividly remember that our enthusiasm and our thronging millions of next year will not suffice. They will be made ridiculous by any failure of proper forethought in the preparations which we have already begun. Such a failure would seem to show that the Yankee will spend his breath but not his money for the renown of his great day. Although on glory he was bent, he had a frugal mind.

The grounds of the proposed Exhibition are unequaled by those of any previous World's Fair. The buildings surpass their predecessors in any country for spaciousness and wise arrangement, and they are further advanced in construction at the same relative time. The contracts have been well, economically, and honestly made. But to continue the work as it has begun, two things are indispensable. The first is more money to push the enterprise steadily and swiftly forward, that all may be fully ready in time, and that the opening may not find half the preparations wanting, as in Paris and Vienna—a beginning which blights the whole exhibition. And we repeat that the money which would be freely given in the enthusiasm of next year will then come too late. It is wanted now, that the enthusiasm of next year may have a satisfactory and imposing national expression. Contractors and workmen can not be paid to-day by the hopes, however confident, of to-morrow. And the second thing indispensable to the success which is alone worthy of the country and of the great occasion is the active beginning of preparations and applications upon the part of those who mean to exhibit. Five times the space, of course, could be filled, but it is desirable that the contributions should not be mere advertising specimens, but representative, instructive, and proportionate to the importance of each class, coming from every section which produces or possesses them.

The interest in the Exhibition grows from day to day, and a little thought will dispose every hopeful and generous American to co-operate with the commission in every practicable form of aid and sympathy. For he can not but agree with the efficient leaders of the enterprise that the Exhibition will signally promote American arts, manufactures, and commerce; quicken international friendships, and revive ancient and honorable domestic memories, powerfully helping the restoration of the Union, which has happily begun.

LAW AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WHILE the Court of Appeals in New York decides that TWEED must be released, and Judge WESTBROOK, following that opinion, decides that the judge of one court may review upon *habeas corpus* the sentence of another, and Judge DONOHUE decides that before TWEED can be tried for his frauds the people must furnish the documents which he has destroyed, and Judge LEARNED decides that the Canal Commission may compel witnesses to appear, but can not compel them to testify, there have occurred one or two incidents in the administration of justice in England which are rather more encouraging. ALEXANDER and WILLIAM COLLIE, of London and Manchester, bankers, were charged with swindling, and ordered to find bail. Unable to do so, they were to be taken to jail, but their counsel urged that it would be a great indignity that gentlemen of their standing should be sent to prison in the common van, and requested the indulgence of a private conveyance. The magistrate replied that if a pair of poor men were accused of a little theft they would have no such favor, and he saw no reason for indulgence because they were charged with a great crime instead of a small one. He therefore ordered them to be removed in the Black Maria.

Colonel VALENTINE BAKER, an associate of the Prince of Wales, of the staff at Aldershott, a brother of Sir SAMUEL BAKER, and a man of high social position, was charged with an assault upon a lady in a railway carriage. The evidence was as conclusive as in the case of TWEED. There was no more doubt of his guilt than of TWEED's. But notwithstanding princes and baronets and money and social standing, within two months of the offense Colonel BAKER was examined, tried, convicted, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine, which is in effect degradation from his profession and social ruin. Are the English laws so much plainer than ours, or the legal procedures so much simpler, or the judges so much less tolerant of technical evasions, that an undoubted offender can be so summarily and satisfactorily dealt with, while in this country an equally undoubted criminal can interminably baffle and delay justice? We may at least be sure that the magistrates who sent the Messrs. COLLIE to jail in the prison van and who sentenced Colonel BAKER do not owe their position to political intrigue, nor will they hereafter be candidates for political office for the attainment of which the votes of the friends of COLLIE and BAKER may be necessary. When the tenure of any office is popular favor, aspirants will be strongly tempted to propitiate the voters. For which reason an elective system of judges imperils justice.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

MR. W. H. BOGART, who, under the familiar signature of "Sentinel," is probably the oldest and most experienced newspaper political correspondent in the State, has been suggested as a candidate for the Senate from the Cayuga and Wayne district. In a letter declining to be considered such a candidate, Mr. BOGART says that the election in 1876 will require party discipline, and that he is not and can not be a party man. "I have learned," he says, "to estimate men higher by their intellectual power than by their party platforms, and my suffrage is given without adherence to party lines." If by this is meant only that he will not vote for any candidate who in character or ability is unworthy office, every intelligent man of every party will approve. But if Mr. BOGART means that the general purposes, spirit, and sympathies of both parties are equally indifferent to him, it seems to us very much as if he said that because there are estimable men who are Catholics, the common schools are equally safe under the control of the Roman Church as under their present unsectarian management. That there are excellent and patriotic men in both parties is unquestionable, but that is surely no reason for supposing that each would equally promote the national welfare. All the good men in the country did not vote for ABRAHAM LINCOLN. But there was surely an immense difference between the parties and the probable consequences of the success of the one or the other. Mr. PENDLETON in Ohio may be a cultivated and amiable gentleman, but the success of the party of which he is a leader would be the triumph of public dishonesty.

The truth is, that under our government we can deal with vital political issues only by acting with parties. As Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS said in his Amherst College address, "Purely solitary voting is in its utility much like the act of a soldier who should fire his piece to bring down the sun." In Ohio inflation is a chief issue in the pending election. It is sustained by one party, and practically opposed by the other. But if a man should vote without reference to the position of parties upon the subject, his vote would be thrown away, or would strengthen the policy of inflation, or would tend to leave the question undecided. In 1860 those who were opposed to the extension and progressive dominance of slavery voted for Mr. LINCOLN, although they might think Mr. EVERETT more cultivated and gentlemanly, and Mr. BRECKINRIDGE as experienced and able. But to have professed indifference to party purposes for such reasons would have been to profess indifference to human liberty. It would have been to echo the monstrous declaration of DOUGLAS, "I don't care whether slavery is voted up or down."

It follows, of course, that if a man approves the general character and aim of those who compose a party, he will do all that he honorably can to promote its success. It is the only way in which he can practically secure to the country the policy and measures that he thinks beneficial and essential to its welfare. To that extent he will be, as every citizen of a free country ought to be, a party man. But it does not follow that he will always and under all circumstances support the party, advocate all its measures, and vote for all its candidates. That is the fatal madness of party spirit. And it is that alone which those who insist upon regarding "intellectual power" rather than "party platforms" seem to have in mind. But one of the chief reasons that an honest party man votes against an unworthy party candidate is that he can not be trusted to maintain the principle—that is, the platform—of the party. Some of the sincerest Republicans in a New York district not only voted against their party candidate to the State Senate in 1871, when the paramount issue was the overthrow of the Tammany Ring, but voted for the Democratic candidate, because they thought the Republican likely to be bought by TWEED, and they knew that the Democrat could not. Had that practice been universal, our political contests would be more nearly what they should be—conflicts of principles and policies. A hundred years ago if American patriots had voted sometimes with SAM ADAMS and sometimes with General GAGE, they would, upon the same principle, have sometimes fought with WASHINGTON and sometimes against him. But their children would hardly have celebrated the Centennial of American independence in 1876.

PERSONAL.

THE Prince of Wales is just now making himself popular by giving large garden parties. His Royal Highness is said to have the largest personal acquaintance of any man in England, and the acquaintance is in most cases something more than nominal. He knows more about every body than any body else, indulging in this respect the well-known passion of his family for private gossip, and he has also a hereditary aptitude for remembering faces. Editors of London papers are invited to these parties as a compliment to their position. Formerly they were confined to the stupider portion of the world, known in a vague, general way as "society."

—Mr. FRANKLIN SIMMONS, the sculptor, is to receive $15,000 from the city of Providence for the proposed figures of the ROGER WILLIAMS monument in that city.

—THIERS loses none of his readiness at repartee. When he visited M. REMUSAT on his deathbed, the latter said to him, "We shall meet again shortly in a better world"—a reflection not agreeable to THIERS, who, once on the other side of the door, said, "This REMUSAT never had any tact."

—METTERNICH is credited with this saying: "I have had to struggle against the greatest of soldiers, and to maintain harmony between the emperors, a Czar, a Sultan, a Pope, kings, princes, and republics; to untangle twenty times and tangle, also, court intrigues; but the thing that gave me most thread to unravel was a little scoundrel of an Italian—thin, pale, uncombed, slovenly, but eloquent as a tempest, stormy as an apostle, cunning as a thief, ready as a comedian, and indefatigable as a lover. They called him JOSEPH MAZZINI."

—Baron de Lesseps is about to publish a history of the Suez Canal, which will be interesting, for it will contain an account of his negotiations with the different European states to whom he applied for aid. It will also give the letters which he received from many distinguished persons.

—Mr. C. C. FULTON, the accomplished editor of the Baltimore *American*, is named as the Republican candidate for Governor of Maryland. The Boston *Post* doesn't see how a good editor like Mr. FULTON can quietly submit to such an indignity.

—WILLIAM WOODWARD, an aged citizen of Middletown, Connecticut, recalls the fact that the late Senator JOHNSON worked for him as a journeyman tailor at Petersburg, Virginia, about forty years ago. Mr. WOODWARD describes the ex-President, who had just finished his apprenticeship, as very popular among his comrades, by whom he was called "Little ANDY," and corroborates his reported habit of keeping a book by his side while at work, that he might learn to read.

—ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY, who has just written a work on the Mohammedan races, became a Mohammedan pilgrim and dervish in order to wander through Toorkistan; he became a Turk to live among Turks; made himself master of the languages, literature, and habits of all the nations who accept MOHAMMED as their prophet. In his new book, published at Leipsic, he makes a critical survey of the condition of civilization in all the Mohammedan countries—Turkey, Persia, Arabia, Tartary, and Afghanistan. He portrays their political, domestic, educational, and economical condition. He declares that Islamism is now engaged in a final struggle with Western civilization, which must result in the success of the latter.

—Mr. PAUL GERARD, who died recently in London, was for over fifty years a member of the Fire Brigade, and was rewarded for his meritorious services on the occasion of the burning of the two Houses of Parliament, the Royal Exchange, and other public buildings. A large public funeral was accorded to him.

—Speaking of the poetical contributions to *Punch* by the late SHIRLEY BROOKS, the London *Standard* says: "There are few, if any, books of poems in the language containing so much real fun and wit as the volume before us, and we are sure that it will receive a hearty welcome from the public."

—Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD is spending $10,000 in improvements about the village of Williamstown, Massachusetts. The college buildings are being painted, the grounds beautified, and the boating course improved.

—Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK's collection of his own works has been purchased by Mr. FRANCIS FULLER for $25,000. The collection embraces about 1100 specimens, and includes oil-paintings, water-color drawings, and proof etchings produced from 1799 to 1875. There are thirteen of his first attempts, and caricatures of NAPOLEON I. and other prominent characters abound. At one time there was a movement to secure Mr. CRUIKSHANK's collection for the nation, but the attempt seems to have been abandoned.

—Mr. GLADSTONE, as a dealer in delf, has no reason to be dissatisfied. His collection of china and paintings was sold at auction at a profit of about two hundred per cent. over the original cost.

—The Hartford *Post* is the medium of making Northern people acquainted with this: Mr. CLEVELAND, on leaving the House after his speech on woman suffrage, met a man, who said he "wouldn't vote to make a man of his wife." Mr. CLEVELAND responded, "I hope your wife will succeed in making a man of you."

—The Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, whose admirable sermons have been published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is quoted in the *Last Leaves from the Journal of the Rev. Julian Charles Young*, just published in Scotland. In one of his letters he speaks as follows of his own profession: "It certainly is the most quarrelsome of all professions in the matter of a blue or green window, prevenient moonshine, or a bishop's night-cap, and the most cowardly when once it comes to a matter of right and wrong, of what they saw and what they did not see. Unless clergy of the type I am alluding to are forced to serve in the army for five years previous to ordination, to make them men, 'let alone' gentlemen, I think the Church, as an establishment, had better be snuffed out."

—Mr. C. B. LEWIS, the gentleman who does those funny little articles in the Detroit *Free Press*, has done a little book just about to be published, the dedication of which runs in this wise: "To the Pawnee tribe of Indians, whose enterprise, talent, and statesmanship, coupled with the fact that they rise early, go to bed late, and are always around when wanted, and who cheerfully roasted one of my ancestors at the stake without reward or hope of reward, is this volume respectfully dedicated by the author."

—The London *World* contains an elaborate sketch of Mr. DELANE, the editor of the London *Times*, from which we quote the following: "Those who have had the good fortune to be in the company of the late Bishop of Winchester and Mr. DELANE at the same time will recollect with delight the ceaseless stream of good things, of epigram and reply, of comment and anecdote, which has flashed before them. There is a really delicate flavor in Mr. DELANE's humor, and the language in which it finds utterance is, for the present day, exceptionally ornate. In other words, it is the language of the *raconteur*, who, a consummate man of the world, is also a refined man of letters, with a keen appreciation of the beauties of literary form. For the editor of such a journal as the *Times*—a journal which aspires to protect national interests, and not merely belaud political parties, and which must base its claim for supereminence on the excellence of all its details, technical or literary, and above every thing on the tone of its observations—the qualifications requisite are such as perhaps Mr. DELANE is the only journalist who thoroughly combines. That he must have experience and education; that he must be a gentleman whose urbanity, whose punctuality, and whose tact never fail him; that he must be a student at once of the deeper phenomena of the time, and of that he must know each ripple which sweeps over the face of society and what it portends—these are things which go without saying. The energy and attention bestowed by Mr. DELANE on the minutiæ of his office continue, so far as is necessary, what they always were. The great secret of the success of the *Times* newspaper is that its editor has never delegated to subordinates what an editor should do himself, and that in a spirit of mistaken zeal he has never hastened to overload himself with the thousand smaller duties which may be safely left to vicarious industry and well-salaried discretion."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE result of the North Carolina Convention election is still in doubt, but the Democrats claim a majority of four in the list of members chosen.

The Gloucester (Massachusetts) Centennial was appropriately celebrated on the 9th. The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon, after which there was a procession, and following that a dinner, with speeches by prominent citizens. In the evening there was a promenade concert, and dancing at the grove. Every thing passed off pleasantly.

Reports from the West show that vast clouds of grasshoppers are still flying southward. They have appeared at Laramie City. The damage reported is light.

The army-worm has made its appearance in large numbers on Long Island, destroying entire crops and desolating the fields. Simultaneously comes the report that the pests have also invaded Canada. At various points in New Brunswick there are immense numbers overrunning the land, and even covering the streets in some of the towns.

Ex-Governor William A. Graham, of North Carolina, died at Saratoga on the 11th, in his seventy-first year.

There has been no yellow fever in the city of Pensacola this season, the plague being confined to the forts at the mouth of the harbor, nine miles below.

The Hon. Horace Binney, the oldest member of the Philadelphia bar, died in that city on the 12th, in his ninety-sixth year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE funeral of Hans Christian Andersen was held in the Frau-Kirche, Copenhagen, on the 11th. The king and other members of the royal family, with the ministers and chief officers of the government, assisted. Deputations came to the funeral from all parts of the kingdom. In the cathedral were representatives of the public bodies, state and municipal, the diplomatic corps, the faculty and students of the university, workmen's societies, members of the press, including several connected with American journals, and an immense congregation of citizens, who filled every part of the edifice. The day was made one of national mourning throughout Denmark.

The Merchant Shipping Bill, introduced by Sir Charles Adderley after Mr. Plimsoll's demonstration, and passed by the House of Commons, has also passed the House of Lords.

The members of the American rifle team returned from Paris to London on the 9th, having greatly enjoyed the visit and recuperated their health after the fatigue of the contests in England and Ireland.

A dispatch from Miranda, Spain, says all the Carlist villages on the plain of Alava have submitted to the government of King Alfonso. The Carlist forces are concentrating in Navarre and on the frontier of Biscay. Don Carlos is at Estella.

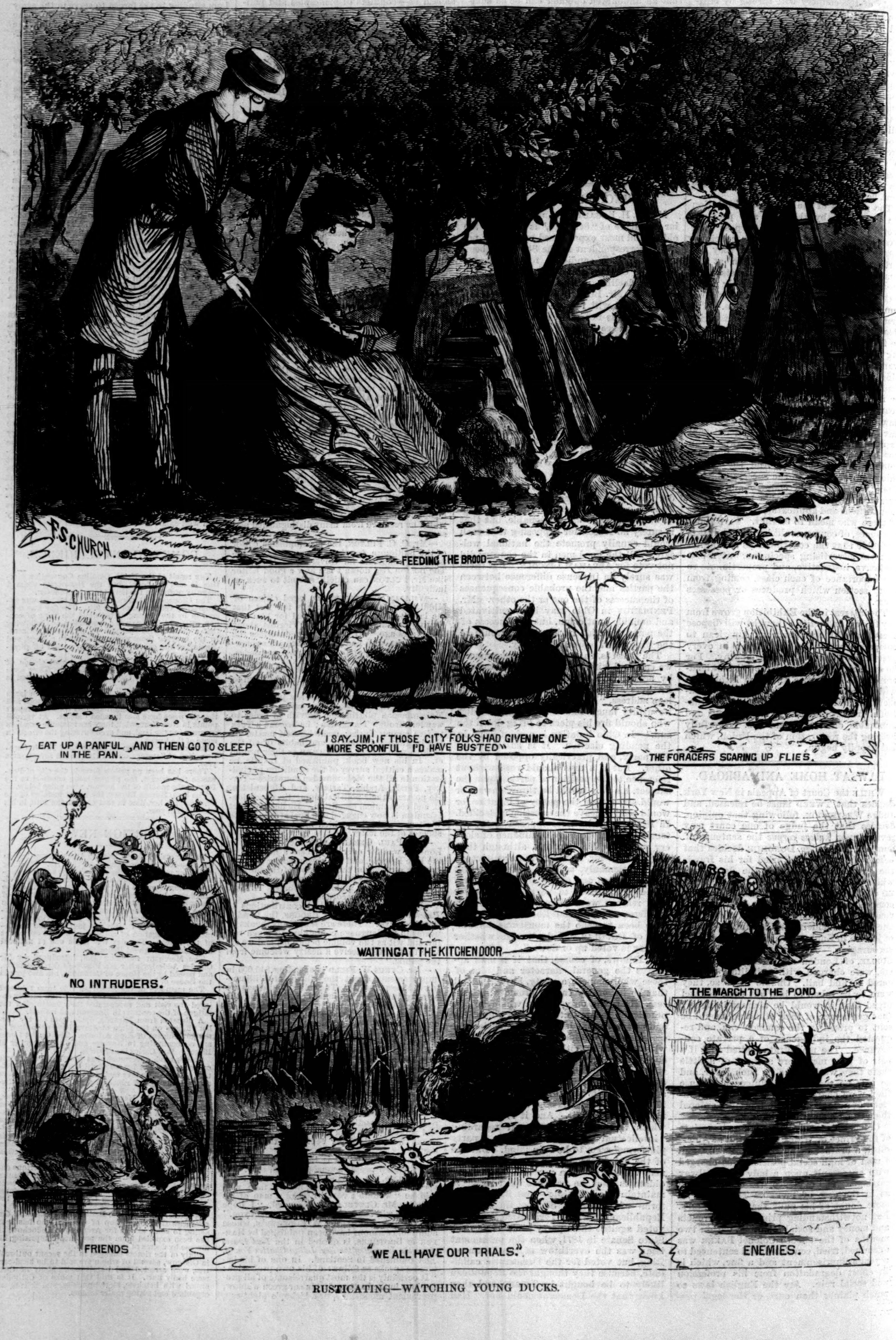
The Spanish government has promulgated a decree ordering a levy of 100,000 additional men for the military service. The levy includes youths who shall have attained the age of nineteen years by the 31st of December next.

Writing to the Navy Department from Panama, July 30, Captain Simpson, of the United States steamer *Omaha*, refers to the troubles in the States of Magdalena and Bolivar between the State troops and those of the general government, and says from present appearances it seems as if a general war in Colombia is imminent. The *Omaha* has been instructed to remain at Panama during the disturbances, for the protection of American interests.

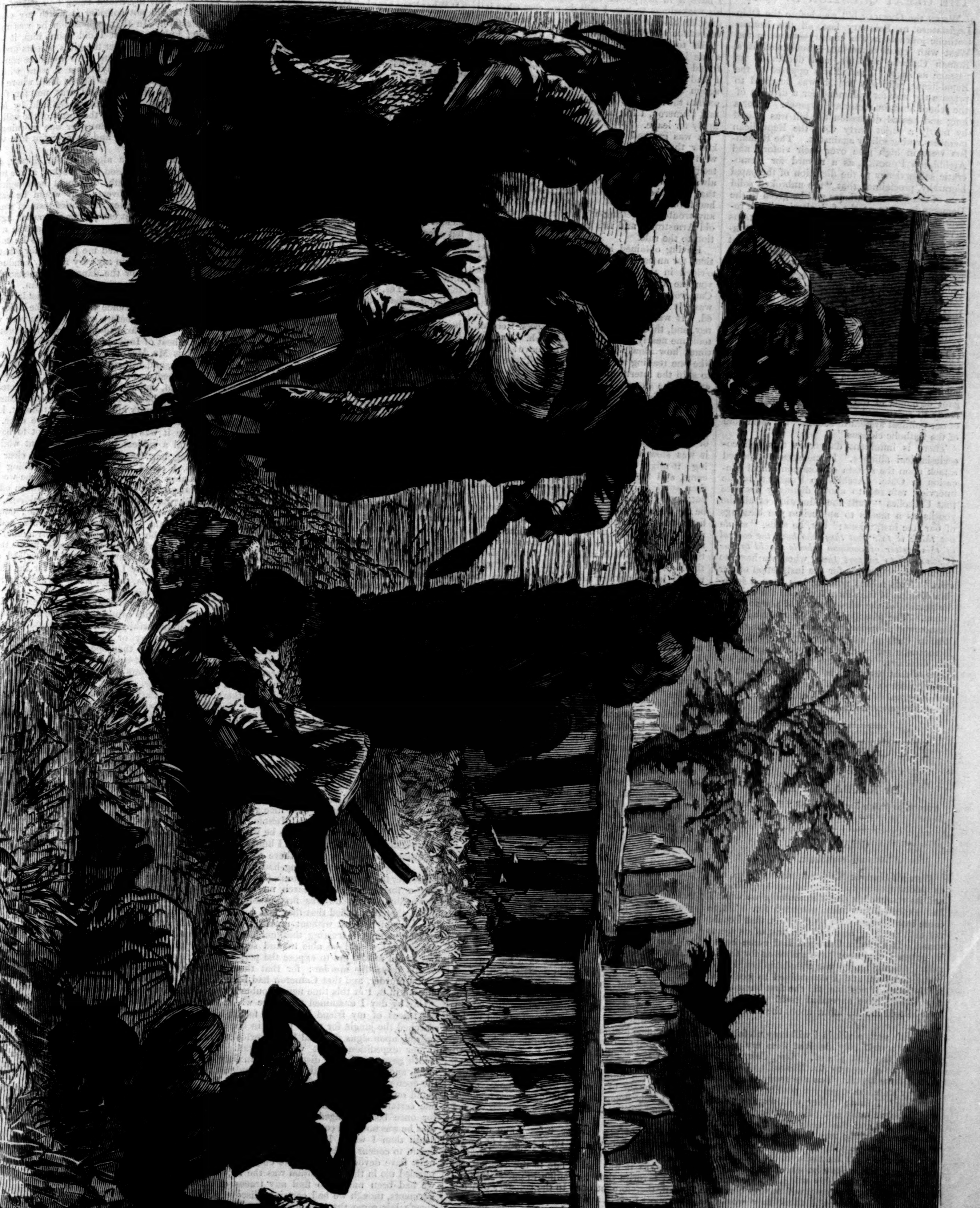
The London *Post* publishes a report of a serious encounter between the Russian and Prussian frontier guards at Donbrowa, on the boundary between Russia and Prussia. The affair was provoked by the Russians, who trespassed on German territory. Several of the guards were wounded.

A special dispatch from Berlin to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the Bishop of Gnesen, who has been acting to some extent for Archbishop Ledochowski, has been expelled from the province comprising his diocese by decree of the Governor.

Sixty of the rioters engaged in the recent outbreak in Glasgow, several of whom are said to be head-centres, were arrested and imprisoned. Many of them were badly hurt. It is said that mobs of Catholics, armed with hatchets, steel knuckles, and knives, are organized and acting under leaders.



RUSTICATING—WATCHING YOUNG DUCKS.



THE COLORED CREEDMOOR.—"Jist watch de Captin of dis Team knock de Bull's-Eye Black and Blue!"

THE GREAT QUESTION IN OHIO.

When the Geghan bill was before the Ohio Legislature in February last, all the Roman Catholic journals in the country—those in the West with great vehemence—proclaimed it a Roman Catholic measure, and demanded its passage as such. The bill was opposed by the Republicans, who saw that it was designed to prepare the way for a demand for a division of the school fund for sectarian purposes. After a long and heated discussion the bill was passed by nearly a strict party vote, the Republican members voting solidly against it. The Romanists were in high glee over their victory, and Archbishop Purcell, as a reward for Democratic subserviency to the dictation of the papal hierarchy, proclaimed that "the unbroken solid vote of the Catholic citizens will be given to the Democratic party at the fall election." A recent number of the *Catholic Telegraph* contains a report of an interview with Archbishop Purcell, published of course by his authority, if not written by himself, in which he virtually reiterates this pledge, intimating that the great mass of Roman Catholics will vote against the Republican party. That paper had already proclaimed, before the beginning of the campaign, that the Democratic party was the political organization "with which nine-tenths of the Catholic voters affiliate on account of past services that they will never forget." The attitude of the Democratic leaders in Ohio is most humiliating. As graphically shown in Mr. Nast's vigorous cartoon on our first page, they submit with groveling subserviency to the arrogant demands of the papal hierarchy, and are ready to sacrifice the most cherished principles of our political system to secure "the solid vote of the Catholic citizens."

There is imminent danger in this politico-ecclesiastical alliance. It menaces a renewed attack upon the system of common-school education in Ohio. Archbishop Purcell, in the interview referred to above, distinctly declares that Catholics "want the education of all the youths as a means to appreciate the blessings of our free institutions;" but, he adds, "*we do not think it fair that they who have the control of this matter of common schools should tax us* [Catholics] *to support them*, when we have so much to do to provide for the instruction of our own." This means nothing less than a sectarian division of the school fund, and the ultimate destruction of the whole system of popular education. The passage of the Geghan bill by a Democratic Legislature, under the pressure of Roman Catholic dictation, shows how far the Democratic party in Ohio is prepared to go in this direction. Every vote given to the candidates of that party this fall is a vote against the common-school system of the State, and a virtual approval of an arrogant ecclesiastical interference in public affairs.

HUGH MELTON:

A Story.

By KATHARINE KING,

Author of "Our Detachment," "The Queen of the Regiment," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A MYSTERY.

When I brought Melton up to my room, and explained to him the cause of my long absence and its results, his anger exceeded even what I had expected and been prepared for. There came into his face such an evil look, that I could not help thinking how bad the best of us are at times. If Captain Cameron had come before him then I could not have answered for the results; neither reason nor friendship could have restrained him, and I determined to keep him in his room, if possible, till the first burst of his fury should have expended itself. It was then that he told me the affair about the money, saying:

"With such a villain I will keep no faith. I consider myself fully absolved from my promise by what has just passed. Now, Cairnsford, I must write at once to Mr. Meares, and tell him what I have heard. You are ready to corroborate my statements, are you not?"

"Stay," I said; "they will require proofs, and those we must get. He said St. Margaret's was burned, and the books with it. I do not remember hearing any thing about it, and I think it would be well for one of us to get leave at once, and start on the spot for Calcutta, to investigate. I believe he was saying what was not true to mislead his wife; at any rate, we must try and get some proof besides our mere assertions, for though I think they would be sufficient to break off the match as far as the young lady is concerned, the parents might not see it in the same light. As I think Crusty is more obliging to me than to you, perhaps I had better apply for leave, and go on this errand. In the mean time, if you can dissemble, you must do so. Do not let Cameron think you know a word of this; let him imagine that I went away without telling you. If we manage well, he may not start immediately for Calcutta, as I am sure he will do when he knows where I have gone, on purpose to try and destroy any record that may exist. I shall be able to find the proofs before he suspects we are on the scent."

"How can I thank you, Cairnsford?" Melton replied. "You are too good to me, taking all this trouble for one who can do so little for you in return. Do you know that I never thought till now that hearing of such dreadful villainy could make my heart so light? It has given me hope, and I shall live now with more purpose than I have done for months past. If ever I have it in my power to revenge on that man his wickedness to her, I will do so, cost what it may, be it soon or late. To him who can wait, vengeance will come."

His tone was vindictive, and a sullen light shone in his eyes as he spoke that showed my friend was not the perfect self-controlled being I had imagined him. However, the time for action had come, and, only waiting to impress on him the necessity of dissimulating before Captain Cameron, I left to seek out the colonel and apply for leave.

It was granted without difficulty. I do not know that I can assert that I was a favorite with the old fellow, but he had a most nineteenth-century veneration for riches, and would always bow down and worship any golden calf that might be set up before him. Now Fortune had favored me in this respect, so I never found any trouble in getting my requests granted by old Armstrong, and this occasion was no exception to the rule.

Having obtained leave, I set about preparations for an early start next morning. At three o'clock in the night or morning, or whatever you like to call it, I set out without having seen Cameron since our parting at Booderabad; I was not even aware whether he had yet returned. It was a horribly long and tiresome journey, and, though I made the best speed I could, took me nearly a week to accomplish. At such times how slowly life seems to move! I felt like one reading an interesting novel, who longs to skip the intermediate pages and arrive at the end of the story. I had an intense curiosity to see how this romance, to which I had suddenly become a spectator, would terminate. I felt as if every little exertion on my part to discover proofs of Cameron's guilt was the turning over of a leaf in the life story open before me. But it was slow work waiting, even though working; it might take years before the dénouement came, and the question was, would my interest then survive; would it not probably have died out ages before; and though Hugh would still be my friend, would not his love and its success have ceased, from a too familiar acquaintance with all its details, to be a matter of interest to me? Very likely it would. In the mean time the journey was dull, and I had nothing else to think of; so I thought of that till I worked myself into a perfect fever of impatience, and longed to leap over two or three years of my life, and see how matters would stand then. Life is slow work, unless one is actively busy. In those sultry summer days when we rested under the shade of the banyan-trees, and I listlessly watched the Hindoos cooking their rice, I felt that, with an intolerable overpowering sense of helplessness to make it otherwise. I should, no doubt, have felt it even more but for the myriads of flies of all sorts and species that nearly drove me distracted, and made any thing like serious thought out of the question.

At last I reached Calcutta; but I hope no one expects me to render an account of how I passed my time during the week I spent there, resting from the fatigues of my past journey, and preparing for the one before me. As I had suspected, the story of the fire was a *canard*, artfully founded on fact to mislead his unsuspecting wife. The vestry had been partially burned, but the books were safe, and I not only saw the registry of Captain Cameron's marriage, but got a copy of it for my own and Melton's satisfaction; for the rest, I was even more unwell than I had been up the country, and longed insanely for a whiff of the cool sea-breezes on my native sea-coast, and a glimpse of the green Atlantic breakers as they surge in on the tall gray cliffs of my father-land.

The week I had allowed myself was over at last, and I set out on my return, wondering lazily during those dull hot days of travel whether Hugh would be guided by my advice in this matter, or whether he would act in a headstrong, heedless manner, that would damage him before the world, and give his crafty opponent some loop-hole through which to creep, and appear before all eyes as a blameless character, whom circumstances, as represented and stirred up by that maniac Melton, had been very much against. It was quite on the cards that this would be the end of the whole business. I was prepared to see myself appear in rather a ridiculous light; but if such things were to deter me, I should have thought of them at first, not now; and I could only hope Hugh might be more manageable and willing to listen to reason than when I left.

I did not see him, or, indeed, any one else about the place, when I returned, and of course concluded they were all out at their usual amusements, as it was rather late in the evening, the most favorite time for outing in our station. I went, therefore, at once to the colonel's quarters to report myself, and found him in, looking, as I thought, very grave and busy.

In such a dry old stick as he was that did not much surprise me, but I wished I had come at another time; for though busy, I saw by the way he motioned me to sit down and hustled his papers together that he intended to have a chat.

"This is a very sad business, Cairnsford," he began. "Can you throw any light on it? I suppose not, as you were away. Still, you were his friend."

"I have not the very faintest idea to what you are alluding," I answered, with some curiosity, for, to do him justice, our colonel's manner was really sad.

"To be sure, I did not care much for him," he continued; "but then such a mysterious disappearance. It is very shocking. They say, you know, he must have been devoured by a tiger."

"But who is it, colonel? You know I have only just come back. I have not heard a word about whatever the affair is to which you are alluding."

"What! not heard of Melton's disappearance? How extraordinary! I thought that every one was talking of it."

"So they may be here; but as I have just come off a long journey, and have seen no one, I know nothing about it. Might I ask you to tell me all?"

I said this quietly enough, though my heart was beating loudly with suppressed excitement at this extraordinary rumor, so disjointedly told that I could only gather Melton had disappeared somehow, and some people thought a tiger must have carried him off; but I said to myself, as these facts were slowly realized in my bewildered brain, that I knew better, and that if Melton was really gone, it was a tiger in human, not in brute, shape that had made away with him. If he did not turn up, and if diligent search could discover the slightest proof my suspicions were correct, I swore to myself a deep but silent oath, while leaning breathlessly across the colonel's table, that I would have vengeance sudden and summary—vengeance for the young life blighted, for the true heart stilled, for the brave blood spilled, for the earnest friendship shattered. Yes, he should never escape me, this skulking ruffian, this midnight assassin; and I vowed a vow before God to deal by him in my hour of power as he had dealt by my friend in his.

The colonel's voice disturbed me.

"You look ill, Cairnsford," he said; "I should not have told you so suddenly, only I thought you must already have heard the sad news. He was a dear friend of yours, I remember; no doubt well worth liking too, though he and I did not pull well together. Well, I am sorry for him. If we can find out the rascally brute that did for him, I will not be behindhand in firing a shot to avenge our old comrade."

Old Crusty, after all, was better than I had thought him; he seemed really moved as he pronounced this quaint and characteristic funeral oration, and I cordially grasped the hand he held toward me. He then told me all the particulars of my poor friend's disappearance.

Just the fifth day after I left, Melton went out early in the morning to sketch, which was with him nothing extraordinary. He did not return at night, which was certainly not a little strange; but no one thought much about it till the end of the second day, when his prolonged absence induced Solace and Langham, with some of the others, to get up a party and go out in search of him. His sketch-block and other traps were found in a remote forest glade, but how he had left this spot could not be discovered. There were no foot-prints leading in any direction out of the glade, though the path by which he had entered was visible enough to the keen eyes engaged in the search. Hence some supposed a tiger must have carried him off, though others, combating that supposition, urged that a tiger would have left traces that might have been recognized as easily as those of a man.

It was now two weeks since his disappearance, and no farther light had been thrown upon the matter. I resolved, if my suspicions were correct, that the whole case should soon be cleared up.

On leaving the colonel I immediately sought out Solace, who I knew to be a nice young fellow and sincerely attached to Melton. It was some time before I found him, as he was at the racket-court with Langham, and I hunted in every other place before going there to look for him. They told me every thing had been done to discover the truth about Melton's fate, and that after a fortnight's strict search no more was known than when he was first missing. Of course, though satisfied that they had done their best, I could not rest without renewing the investigation myself, trusting that, guided by my suspicions, I should be able to find some clew that would enable me to expose the perpetrator of this dastardly murder; for that there had been a murder, and that Cameron had been implicated in it, I at this time never doubted.

Day by day I examined the glade where the last traces of my friend had been found, and searched the jungle for miles round in hopes of lighting upon signs that had been overlooked in former expeditions; but without avail. My health gave way under distress and anxiety of mind, and I was at length obliged to submit to the doctor's imperative orders, and return to England on sick-leave, having obtained only this one certainty in the matter, that Cameron had for once been wronged by my suspicions, and that he was no more connected with poor Hugh's death than I was. Indeed, I had by this time begun to concur in the general belief that a tiger must have devoured him. The only thing that puzzled me in this supposition was the fact that we had been unable to find any traces of his garments, though we had certainly discovered a tiger's lair some three or four miles off in the jungle, and had avenged our comrade by slaying the inhabitant of it, generally supposed to have been poor Hugh's destroyer. Poor fellow! it was, indeed, a sad fate. Both officers and men regretted him sorely, and remembered when too late what a kind, helpful friend he had been, both to his equals and inferiors. As a mark of the respect and esteem in which he had been held, it was proposed to erect a tablet to his memory in the parish church of Marshampton, his native place, and I was commissioned to see that the order (a subscription had been got up for the tablet among the officers and men) was properly executed during my stay in England. Just before I left, some words that fell from Captain Cameron showed me that notwithstanding our meeting at Booderabad, that gentleman intended to prosecute his designs on Miss Meares; intending for that purpose to get leave, and return to England at the end of the year. I suppose he thought I had believed his assertions that the lady I had rescued was not his wife, and that my friend being now out of the way, I should not consider it worth my while to interfere. In that supposition he was mistaken; knowing what I did about him, it was imperative on me to let the girl's parents understand what kind of man their would-be son-in-law was. Accordingly home I went with a year's sick-leave, and as Cairns Hall, where my mother and sisters resided, was not far from Abbot's Park, one of the places held by Miss Meares during the time the terms of the will remained unsettled, I went over one morning to call on Mr. Meares, and to acquaint him with my discoveries.

He received me alone in the library, and seemed both distressed and shocked at the news I had to communicate. No doubt the thought of the comparative poverty they would be called upon to endure, after their brief taste of wealth and the pleasures it can purchase, was not agreeable; but he was a brave old man, and in a few minutes rose superior to any regrets he might have felt, and thanked me heartily for what he was pleased to term my very friendly conduct in letting him know the danger that menaced his daughter in connection with that man. "And now," he continued, rising, "it is just luncheon-time; let me persuade you to join the ladies and take something before setting out on your walk home. It is warm to-day, though no doubt after the heat of India you do not feel it so."

Thus Mr. Meares stopped me as I was about to leave, and bringing me into the dining-room, introduced me to his wife, whom I had never before seen, and his daughter, who recollected me perfectly, but, somewhat to my astonishment, made no inquiry after Hugh, as I thought, knowing our friendship, she might have done. Of course it was pleasanter to me not to have so painful a subject touched upon; but while admiring her beautiful features and clear deep eyes, I could not help mentally calling her a heartless flirt, wondering whether she would be annoyed that her marriage was broken off, and dislike me as the bearer of the bad tidings. Not that it would matter much to me; doubtless they would soon leave Abbot's Park, and then any neighborly intercourse that my mother might have had with them would cease, unless they remained somewhere near. As I walked slowly home that day I felt little pity for the downfall of the heiress, though some curiosity as to how she would bear it.

I had a conviction—whence derived I know not—that her proud beautiful head would never quail unworthily before any reverse of fortune.

For a day or two I heard nothing farther about them; then one morning, on my entering the breakfast-room, my mother looked up from a pile of letters before her, and said:

"I hear, Charlie, the Meareses are leaving Abbot's Park. Miss Meares has refused to marry that Captain Cameron, to whom she has been engaged for so long, and therefore, according to the terms of the will, all the money that was to have been hers in the event of the marriage goes to a number of different charities. I am sorry for them; they were nice people and pleasant neighbors. I think of writing and asking them here until they have settled their plans, and made up their minds what to do next. Have you any objection?"

Of course I said that I had not, and the two girls, Lilla and May, were in ecstasies of delight at the thought of having Miss Meares with them, hoping, no doubt, to make a bosom friend of her, as the manner of some girls is. I did not want to disappoint them, so did not tell them my impression, which was, that Miss Meares would very likely receive all their confidences and sympathize to any amount, but would give none herself in return. Something about her face gave me the idea that, though she had a surface of frankness very taking to strangers, there was beneath it an intensely reserved nature that would never reveal its dearest thoughts and wishes but to one beloved object, and that to the one she loved there would be no reserve, no concealment. The passion of her life would be steady, absorbing, expanding, if rightly placed and worthily returned; intense, secret, and self-consuming, if unrequited or misplaced.

I said nothing, and my mother asked them. I hardly thought they would accept her invitation; but I was mistaken. They did; they agreed to remain with us for a few weeks, while looking for a small place somewhere near, suited to their now limited means. The first night I fancied Miss Meares was cold and distant to me, though friendly enough to my mother and the girls. I thought she brooded over her loss of fortune, yet I felt almost angry with myself for imagining that the sad expression in her glorious eyes was brought there by any such sordid motive. Her singing was exquisite, and I felt that I could forgive any amount of coldness if only I might be permitted to listen to that thrilling voice and watch that noble passionate face unobserved. How is it that sometimes people perfectly soulless and uninteresting in themselves are gifted with such glorious talents? I almost hated her, as I watched and admired, when I thought that but for the glamour cast around him by that perfect face and angel's voice poor Hugh might have been alive and happy yet.

We breakfasted late at Cairns. My mother and sisters were not early risers; but I often went out those bright spring mornings with my rod to a stream that ran through the place, and which from my earliest years I remembered as being a favorite resort of the speckled trout, so dear to the soul of the angler.

Next morning, after spending an hour or two fishing, I was wending my way home, when, as I approached a stile that I must cross to strike the nearest path to the house, I perceived a figure leaning against the fence with the back turned

toward me. It was a woman, simply yet handsomely dressed in a pretty walking costume. After a few minutes' puzzled scrutiny I became aware that it was no other than Miss Meares.

She did not see me at first, and I watched her for a minute as she turned about with an anxious air, as though she had lost her way. I advanced toward her quietly, so that she did not hear me coming; and as I approached I had time to scan the delicate outlines of her face, and I imagined that she looked paler and more thoughtful than usual. When I got near, a branch cracked under my foot; she started, and turned hastily, but without any signs of fear on her fair open brow. Recognizing me, she held out her hand frankly, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Major Cairnsford" (I had gained a step lately), "how very fortunate I have met you! I have lost my way, and am afraid I shall be late for breakfast."

"No fear of that, Miss Meares; we are in plenty of time. I can show you a short way back to the house." So saying, we walked on together.

We had not gone far, and while I was still thinking of some remark to make—for, to tell the truth, I both feared and mistrusted this young beauty, and felt silent and uncomfortable in her presence, she on her part being equally abstracted and thoughtful—when suddenly she exclaimed, without any preface or leading up to the subject, "By-the-bye, Major Cairnsford, I saw an account of the mysterious disappearance and supposed death of Captain Melton, of your regiment, while you were at A——. Would you tell me all about it? I knew him years ago, and feel interested in his melancholy fate."

She tried to utter the words in a matter-of-fact, unmoved manner, but a glance at her half-averted face showed me that her eyelids trembled and her lips quivered as she spoke. Of course, painful as the subject was, I could not refuse to gratify her request, knowing that Hugh would have wished me to comply with any thing she might desire. I felt that in making such a demand she evinced an interest, weak and tardy though it was, in the man who had loved her, and who would have given worlds to have heard even that expression of interest from her lips.

I told her all that I knew about my friend's fate, not concealing my own early suspicions of Captain Cameron, who, I said, nourished, as I well knew, a very bitter dislike to his comrade Melton. She listened in silence till I had finished, and then exclaimed, abruptly:

"You were right, Major Cairnsford, Captain Cameron is in some way implicated in Captain Melton's disappearance. I do not say he has killed him—in fact, I hardly believe that he is dead—but that he has been made away with in some way, by Captain Cameron's agency, I am convinced. It remains for us to find out what has really happened—whether he is still alive, or indeed dead—and whichever be the case, to punish the man who has worked this wickedness."

She looked at me boldly now, with her head up, her cheek flushed, and her deep flashing eyes meeting mine frankly and bravely.

I shook my head, and answered,

"You are mistaken, Miss Meares, and for once wrong Captain Cameron, whom Heaven knows it is not easy to wrong, for he is as bad a man as the sun ever shone on; but in this, at least, he is innocent. I thought as you do at first, and, guided by the light of my suspicions, I scrutinized his every act, in the endeavor to obtain a clew to my comrade's fate; but I was forced at last, after many a long and weary search, to arrive at what I am convinced is the true conclusion, namely, that poor Hugh was devoured by a tiger, as my brother officers at first supposed."

"I wish I could think with you," she answered, in an unconvinced tone. "That Captain Melton is dead must, I fear, be true; that Captain Cameron had no hand in his death I can hardly bring myself to believe. For a long time I struggled against my own convictions to believe Captain Cameron such a man as Captain Melton was—such a man, in fact, as I could have wished him to be; but now his baseness has been so fully revealed to me, and I remember so many little things that used to annoy me in him, which tend now to throw a clear light on his character, that nothing seems to me too bad to accuse him of. I can not feel as if I could wrong him by any charge I brought against him."

Thus as we walked homeward we fell into conversation on subjects all more or less connected with that first started. She told me of how they had first met Melton in Ireland; of their poor dwelling and frugal mode of living, to which, however, they soon did not fear to invite him when they found how easily contented and kindly was his nature, just as much at home with them, and as friendly in his intercourse with them, as he was with the gay inhabitants of Moortown Castle, where he was also a favorite and a frequent guest. Then she spoke of his great talent, of the pleasant days when he taught her some of the secrets of his art, and praised her aptness as some more than usually happy touch evinced her progress and the success of his lessons. Her voice grew sweet and low, and her cheeks flushed brightly, as she spoke with real feeling (that truest of all eloquence) on this subject, evidently dear to her thoughts. As I watched her I regretted more and more that Hugh had not lived to meet her now, when she dared to own to herself and to show to the world that she loved him. We reached the house at last, and my prejudice against Miss Meares was completely dispelled as I left her at the porch, while I went to put away my fishing tackle. My morning had been tolerably successful; I had six fine trout in my basket, the result of my three hours' stroll. It was not bad sport, and it had given me the opportunity of penetrating a little beneath our charming guest's proof-armor of reserve, and had enabled me to find out that a heart beat underneath, closely watched and guarded though that heart might be.

I liked her better after that walk, and as I followed her into the breakfast-room began to think that perhaps my friend had not been so wrong after all when he committed the happiness of his life to her keeping. The Meareses stopped with us for two or three weeks, while looking out for a small house in the neighborhood; but at last, not finding any thing of the sort was to be had, they determined to move to London, and in one of the suburbs of that busy city make themselves as comfortable as their very limited means would permit.

"And if we find we can not make both ends meet any other way," said Maud, gently, "I shall try to find some one weak enough to intrust me with the education of the rising generation. I have no doubt I shall make a very skillful governess; and something must be done, I am sure."

I looked at her as she spoke, and saw from her heightened color and sparkling eyes that she was determined to face the world boldly, and fight the battle of life bravely; but, alas! poor girl, she little knew what was before her, and I could not think of the trials and humiliations that bright spirit would be called upon to endure without an inward thrill of pain. My mother tried hard to dissuade our visitors from this plan, and to make them remain longer with us, at least until some better expedient might be discovered; but they were impracticable, and I at length resolved to speak to Miss Meares myself about it, and try to bring her over to our side, when I felt sure her parents' objection would soon vanish. We had become great friends by this time: she would let me now and then get a glimpse of her kindly, honest, upright heart, and would not scruple to propound her queer unworldly theories to me about any subject on which we might be talking. She met me always as a man might meet a friend, with full frank look and glad smiling welcome; and I—alas! I had begun to think there was nothing better in the world to live for than the soft friendly glance of those deep violet eyes, the gentle welcoming smile on that lovely face, the touch of her soft white hand at morning and evening. I never wondered now at my friend's infatuation; I only wondered how, guessing, or knowing rather, that her heart was with him, he had not taken her by force of the stronger will and held her against the world. It was what I would do, I told myself, if only I could be sure she felt for me as she had once felt for him; but that affection for my lost friend was the barrier between us, as it was also the connecting link. I knew well I should never have occupied the position I now did in her regard had I not been Hugh's friend; and our longest and most intimate conversations were always on some act of his life, or some trait of his noble and unforgotten character.

Was it not possible, I asked myself, that this pearl above all price that I so ardently desired could be won again? If her love had been but a girlish fancy, perhaps it might; but if the whole of her true woman's heart had been given to Hugh, I feared I had no hope. There are some women who love but once, whose first girlish fancy is also the love of their womanhood. I feared, yet gloried to believe, that my peerless Maud was one of these. I could not bear she should leave us, though I dared tell her nothing of this, and met her always with as good an imitation of her own fearless friendship as I could assume. But she must not go away into those squalid London lodgings; on that point I was determined. Rather than that should happen I would conquer my fears, pour all my passionate prayers and longings into her pitying ears, and if it were possible, nay, if it were impossible, win from her a promise that one day at least I should have a right to protect and shelter her from the hardships and cares of the strange world into which she was about to enter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE operations of the United States Fish Commission for the present year, so far as the hatching and distributing of shad are concerned, closed with the end of July, after a very successful season. The work was commenced in April, on the Neuse, in North Carolina, and continued subsequently on the Pamunky, the Rappahannock, the Potomac, and the Delaware; but, owing to the extremely small run of shad in these streams, very little was accomplished. With the assistance of the New York State Commission, a small supply of young shad was obtained at Castleton, on the Hudson; but even here the run of shad was very poor, being much below that of previous years. The indifferent luck of the season was, however, changed after commencing operations at Holyoke, on the Connecticut, about the 1st of July, where, under the direction of Mr. JAMES W. MILNER, the Assistant Fish Commissioner, a very extensive hatching and distribution were initiated, the work extending satisfactorily throughout the month. Here the entire expense of hatching and distribution was borne by the United States, the agreement made by the United States Commissioner with the fishery authorities of Connecticut and Massachusetts being to put half of all the fish hatched into the Connecticut River, one-fourth of this number to be sent up the river to a considerable distance.

The total number of fish hatched at this station was about 3,370,000, of which 2,000,000 were turned loose into the Connecticut, the shipments to other rivers amounting to 1,370,000, those from the Hudson and Delaware being only 625,000. Of the fish sent from the three rivers 755,000 were placed in the tributaries of the Mississippi, 280,000 in streams that empty directly into the Gulf of Mexico, and 560,000 in rivers (other than the Connecticut) which empty into the Atlantic. The waters of nearly every State east of the Missouri have been benefited by the shipments made during the season. There can be no question that this large and wide-spread distribution of fish will have a very important bearing toward the solution of the problem of stocking the waters of the United States with useful food fishes. It must be borne in mind that the advantage of artificial hatching of fish over the natural spawning consists not merely in the ability to plant the fish where it is desired to have them, but also in the much greater success of the work. It is generally estimated that not more than one egg in a thousand (if so many) of those naturally spawned produces a young fish able to provide for itself. In artificial hatching, however, of one thousand eggs taken there is a probability that at least nine hundred, or even more, will reach the above-mentioned stage; so that instead of counting upon the proceeds of 4,000,000 eggs, under ordinary circumstances we should have those of 3,600,000,000. Included in the number of eggs collected at Holyoke were 400,000 shipped to Germany on the 17th of July, which were placed in a special apparatus for hatching while on the voyage. We regret, however, to learn that the experiment, like that of last year, was unsuccessful, the eggs having died before reaching their destination.

The death of Dr. ARTHUR SCHOTT, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, took place at Georgetown, District of Columbia, on the 26th of July. Dr. SCHOTT was well known among scientific circles of the United States as an intelligent and zealous explorer, especially in connection with the Mexican boundary surveys, on which he served as topographer and naturalist. During the occupation of Mexico by MAXIMILIAN, an exploration of Yucatan was undertaken, under the charge of Señor SALAZAR, an eminent Mexican savant, and Mr. SCHOTT was placed in command of the department of natural history. Here he secured very large collections of specimens, which were transmitted to the Smithsonian Institution by Governor SALAZAR for determination. Mr. SCHOTT had previously been engaged with Lieutenant MICHLER on the survey of the canal route by way of the Otrato and Truando rivers. His own tastes were more especially in the line with botany, but his collections in all departments of natural history were very extensive, and he is entitled to the honor of having discovered many new species of animals and plants.

It is the custom at the United States salmon-hatching establishment at Bucksport, Maine, under charge of Mr. CHARLES G. ATKINS, after stripping the spawn and milt from the fish, to return them uninjured to the sea. Each fish is, however, generally marked with a platinum tag, so that it can be identified if it return. An extra price is offered to the fishermen for any of these tagged salmon. During the present summer no less than seven of the fish so marked in November, 1873, were received by Mr. ATKINS. Unfortunately, however, only the wire band remained, the tags having been worn off or destroyed in some manner. These were all females, in good condition, and well provided with spawn.

It is stated that the *Challenger* will complete her cruise and return to England in April, 1876.

A catalogue of the birds of New England, by Dr. THOMAS M. BREWER, has just been published by the Boston Society of Natural History. This embraces brief notes, indicating the manner and character of their presence, with a list of the species included in previous catalogues, believed to have been erroneously classed as birds of New England.

The present enumeration amounts to 336 species, while thirty species are mentioned as having been given in previous lists of birds of New England without proper evidence. It is thought not impossible that some of these may yet be detected, but Dr. BREWER maintains that, so far, there is no assurance on this point. He was the first to indicate in a systematic list the burrowing owl, noted by Mr. RUTHVEN DEAN as taken in the marshes near Newburyport on the 4th of May, 1875.

Dr. FRAAS, of Stuttgart, has been invited by RUSTUM PASHA to Beyrout, for the purpose of organizing an expedition for the thorough exploration of the topography, geology, and natural history of Mount Lebanon. It is thought the mineralogical and archæological results of the expedition will be of special interest.

BAUDRIMONT gives an account of a human tibia found in Aveyron which had a stone arrow-head inserted in it, and which had remained adherent, and had caused a considerable exostosis of the bone. But what is most remarkable is the fact that the arrow-head was inserted by its haft and not by its point, there being no indication of any perforation. For this reason BAUDRIMONT is of the opinion that the wound had not been produced in actual warfare, but that in all probability this was a case of surgical manipulation with the object of producing some specific effect, either moral or physical, similar in this respect to the system of trepanning on the living subject, of which several very striking instances have been brought to the notice of archæologists.

Professor THISTLETON-DYER, an eminent English botanist, has been appointed assistant director at Kew, with a salary of $2500 a year.

The apprehension of a total failure of the seal fisheries felt in Newfoundland by those interested seems to have been premature, as the catch, after all, has been a very fair one. The seals were met with on March 16, full-grown and in good condition, while in 1873, so late as the 20th and 25th, they were quite immature and inferior in quality. These animals are now thought to have occurred in quantities as large as usual, but the prevalence of easterly winds and heavy ice hindered the vessels, so that the catch was not an average one. The total number taken by Newfoundland vessels in 1875 is estimated at 400,000, of which 46,250 were old seals taken by steamers on their second trip.

According to POLJAKOW, who has been exploring the region of the upper Volga, under the patronage of the Russian Geographical Society, the Scandinavian Finlandic glacier, which at one time covered the government of Olonetz and those adjacent to it, must have stretched far into the basin of the Volga and over the boundaries of the Valdai plateau; and a connection must undoubtedly have existed between the Arctic and Baltic seas by the unequal levels of the lakes formed by the melting of the glacier, the slender remains of which are seen in the existing lakes.

Judging from the fauna, POLJAKOW concludes that the present upper course of the Volga must have been joined to the middle and lower course at a recent period, and in a measure accidentally. In this respect the Sheksna is to be considered the natural upper part of the Volga, as containing the very same fishes as those of the river Bjelo-ozero.

Mr. DALL has presented a report to the United States Coast Survey on the tides, currents, and meteorology of the Northern Pacific. He finds proof of the existence of a northerly current, denominated by him "the Alaska current," which had previously been surmised.

It is well known that the Rodriguez, the Mauritius, and other islands off the eastern coast of Africa were at one time inhabited by various species of birds now entirely extinct, and known only by tradition, by the descriptions of several travelers, and by the occurrence of their bones in different localities.

The island of Rodriguez seems to have been much favored in this way, as mentioned by M. LEGNAT, who resided there from 1691 to 1693, and described species in his works that for a long time were supposed to be the figment of his own imagination, but which are now well established by osteological remains. The inquiry has been frequently made as to the precise period and the actual causes of this extinction, and Professor ALPH. MILNE-EDWARDS has lately found a document which throws much light on the subject. This is a manuscript report in the Department of Marine, entitled "Relation de l'Ile Rodriguez," and is supposed to be of about the date of 1760.

According to this document, the birds continued quite abundant until about 1730, at which time, however, the settlement of the Isle of France and the Isle of Bourbon, together with the great number of vessels visiting the adjacent regions, made such depredations upon the living animals, especially the birds and tortoises, as soon to bring about their entire extinction. The birds were all restricted to narrow spaces, and being in large part unable to fly, fell victims to the weapons of the invaders. Indeed, so far as the tortoises were concerned, numerous vessels were employed exclusively in the business of collecting and shipping them.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN, asked the cause of his father's death, answered that "while he was addressing a large outdoor assemblage of people, who were listening to his remarks with the deepest interest, a portion of the platform on which he was standing gave way beneath him, whereby he was precipitated several feet with such violence as to break his neck." His father was hung.

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

SPORTSMAN'S EPITAPH—Game to the last.

A landlady, who had some very weak chicken broth for dinner the other day, was asked by one of her boarders if she couldn't coax that chicken to wade through that soup once more!

"The pass-word is 'Saxe'—now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel, just before the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was marshal. "Sacks! Faith and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post. Pat was as wise as an owl, and, in a sort of whispered howl, replied, "Bags, yer honor!"

Why must the letter "d" be the most wonderful letter in the alphabet?—Because it is the centre of "wonders."

Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a certain church made "bad worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat, keeping his hat on. The elder, noticing it, requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he spoke to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted the hat off, when, to his chagrin, out rolled a quart of hickory-nuts, making more noise than was consistent with decorum. "Man," quietly said the youth, "see what you have done!"

Goat's milk is said to make the cheeks look red and peachy, but a goat's head will do the same thing if the animal has a fair run of ten feet.

No Norwegian girl is allowed to have a beau until she can bake bread and knit stockings; and as a consequence every girl can bake and knit long before she can read or write, and she doesn't have to be coaxed into her industry, either.

"Hope told a flattering tale." What musical instrument ought this beautiful song to be accompanied on? I see you are bursting to give the answer. Out with it! The lyre, of course.

A GREAT HARDSHIP—An iron steamer.

CLEAN SHAVED.

Kassim Pasha, when Minister of War for Egypt, was very particular in regard to the personal appearance of his officers, and issued stringent orders that they should never appear unshaved in public. One day he met upon the streets a lieutenant who had bearded the pasha and disregarded his order. "To what regiment do you belong?" demanded the indignant minister. "To the ——th regiment, at Abassueh," responded the frightened lieutenant. "Get into my carriage at once, so that I can carry you to the encampment, and have you publicly punished," was the stern command which followed. The young man obeyed, and the twain rode along gloomily enough for some time, when the pasha stopped his carriage and entered a shop for a few moments to make some trifling purchase. Seizing the opportunity, the culprit sprang from the vehicle, darted into a neighboring barber's stall, and regained his post before the return of his jailer, minus his beard. For the remainder of the route the officer buried his face in his hands, and seemed the picture of apprehension. Abassueh was reached at last, and all the officers were assembled to witness the degradation of their comrade, who all the while kept well in the rear of his chief. "Come forward, you son of a dog!" cried out the irate pasha, when there stepped before him an officer with a face as clean as a baby's, and a look of the most supreme innocence. His Excellency gave one long look of blank astonishment, and then, with an appreciative smile breaking over his war-worn features, turned to the assembled officers and said, "Here, gentlemen, your old minister is a fool, and your young lieutenant is a captain." Cheek, you see, is a trump card all the world over.

A CHALLENG ALL NA

U. S. "We are to have a National Centennial Celebration next and I invite

D ALL NATIONS.

and I invite the Rifle Teams of the World to a Friendly Contest."

ULTRAMONTANE CRUELTY.

The recent massacre at San Miguel is only the latest of those enormities that seem constantly to mark the course of ultramontanism. Wherever it has the opportunity, as at San Miguel or Acapulco, it spares no one who stands in the way of Roman Catholic rule. San Miguel is or was a populous and flourishing town of San Salvador, and is said to have contained a population of forty thousand. But political Romanism had made its way into the prosperous republic, and, offended at the action of the government, which seems to have forbidden the reading of an obnoxious pastoral by the Bishop of San Salvador in the churches, the priests planned a general revolt in the name of religion. They seized upon some discontents among the people to aid their design. All over the republic the ultramontanes were to rise at the same moment; a priest named Palacios preached a violent sermon against the national authorities; the bishop supplied his adherents with a paper insuring them, should they die, an immediate entrance into paradise. This curious document was found upon the dead bodies of the rebels, and ran thus: "Peter, open the gates of heaven to the bearer, who died for religion," signed George, Bishop of San Salvador, and sealed with the seal of his episcopal see.

On a Sunday evening the ultramontanes, stimulated by the priest's exhortations and the favor of the bishop, rose in a wild tumult at San Miguel. They seem to have been armed with more effective weapons than a priestly absolution. They seized upon the public prison and set free two hundred prisoners. They next attacked the garrison of the town. They killed the two generals, Espinosa and Castro. Espinosa's body they cut in pieces, which they threw at each other. They split the skull of Castro, and threw him over a wall, where he was found by his mother; he died three days after. The garrison were nearly all assassinated. Many of the best citizens of the place were killed. At last, in their fierce fanaticism, the ultramontanes covered sixteen houses with kerosene and set them on fire. Pillage, murder, and dismay prevailed throughout the unfortunate city. An immense amount of property was destroyed, estimated to be worth $1,000,000; and it was chiefly by the interference of an English man-of-war that San Miguel was saved from a total destruction. The government at last sent troops to the town, who shot down the banditti without mercy. The country has been declared in a state of siege. Martial law has been proclaimed, and San Salvador is safe, at least for the present, from the rage of the ultramontanes. The priests and bishops have been banished, or are held in careful subjection, and the enemies of the republic must await a severe retribution. Yet it is doubtful if these horrible scenes at San Miguel will be the end of the ultramontane outrages and disorders. In Mexico recently they roused a whole province in revolt. All over South America they seem to be planning some new assault upon freedom and human rights. In Brazil only the firm and threatening attitude of the government has heretofore held the priests and bishops in tolerable submission, and the angry letters of the Pope to the Emperor might seem almost plain incentives to revolt. In Ecuador, an important and powerful state, the Jesuits have without scruple seized the government, violated the republican constitution, and forced their own President upon the people. It is not yet evident how far an ultramontane conspiracy may be active in South America, or what new revolutions may await its various governments from the intrigues of the priests. Yet it is certain that the ultramontane faction is busy in all its cities, and that its priests and its emissaries will be no more merciful when they have the opportunity than the fanatics who at San Miguel cut men in pieces and pelted each other with the fragments, or who sought to burn down a flourishing city with kerosene.

I do not know if the nineteenth century has not already far outstripped the eighteenth in priestly cruelty. The progress of humanity seems almost arrested, if not turned back. The worst instance of ultramontane barbarity in the eighteenth century was the judicial murder of Jean Calas and the horrible persecution of his family, but the keen satire of Voltaire and the indignation of Europe avenged on its perpetrators the fearful deed. The Jesuits were not long after driven out of Portugal, France, and even Spain. In 1762 the order was abolished by the Pope. Ultramontanism perished for a time, and its spirit was only preserved in the sanguinary revolts which the priests excited in republican France. But it is impossible to discover in all the annals of the century a religious fury as mad as that of the San Miguel rioters, or an incitement to rebellion so effectual as the passport to heaven signed by the Bishop of San Salvador. The Papal Church has plainly declined in its moral tone, and under the ultramontane rule is fast sinking into a savage barbarism. If South America and the Isthmus are endangered by its aggressive cruelty, still more so is North America, and the murders at San Miguel may well excite the attention of Cincinnati and New York. What is this strange impulse of ultramontanism that seems to turn even educated men into merciless savages? Are the emissaries of the Papal Curia among us any more tolerant than the Bishop of San Salvador, the priest Palacios, the Jesuits who have captured Ecuador, or the clergy of Acapulco? It is at least a curious though disheartening study to watch this slow return to barbarism. Possibly the men who lived in the prehistoric caves tore their enemies to pieces like those of San Miguel, but they certainly were provided with no passports to heaven. All over North as well as South America we may notice this tendency of the ultramontanes to savage cruelty. The publisher or author among us who ventures to denounce it is threatened with personal violence. In an Eastern city recently an ultramontane mob set upon a few helpless men, women, and children, and might have stoned them to death, like Stephen, but for the interference of the Mayor of the city, who saved them at the cost of wounds and blows. A priest in Philadelphia exposed in language not more stringent than that of Luther and Erasmus, of Chaucer, Gower, and Lindsay, what he asserts to be the prevailing corruptions of the Roman priesthood: he was nearly murdered by a throng of furious ultramontanes. In Quebec and Montreal the same spirit of intolerance is constantly shown; the Protestants, it is stated, have in many instances been forced to leave their homes among the Roman Catholics, and emigrate to districts where liberty of speech and thought is yet allowed; and it is not an improper inference from these facts that should the ultramontanes, by the aid of their Democratic leaders and allies, gain a lasting preponderance in our chief cities, they may employ means to perpetuate their rule not altogether unlike those they have ventured to use in San Miguel and Acapulco.

Nor is this without an example in Europe. Belgium, a neutral kingdom, whose separate existence was guaranteed by the chief European powers, was for a long period ruled by liberal, although Roman Catholic, ministers. It rose to great prosperity. Its schools, railways, and manufactures flourished under wise administrators. Its press was free and its literature progressive. But recently it has fallen under the control of the Jesuits and ultramontanes, who have seduced the ignorant peasantry into a strict obedience to their rule; a strange and alarming condition of civil discord has followed, and Belgium seems on the verge of a religious war. "It is as if the Belgians," says the London *Times*, June 9, "were divided into two parties, drawn up defiantly in front of each other, and only waiting an opportunity to come to blows." No liberal can venture into districts ruled by the Jesuits without danger of personal violence. Even incautious strangers have been ill-treated by the fanatical peasantry when they wandered far from the towns. In a fierce riot recently excited by the ultramontanes hundreds of persons suffered severe injuries; the cause of the disturbance was the refusal of a school-boy from an Athenæum to take off his hat to the Host. The ultramontanes surrounded the school, but the boy escaped. Every Belgian liberal may look momentarily for a San Miguel. In Germany and Switzerland the ultramontanes have committed terrible excesses. In Spain they encourage the cruelties of the Carlists; in France their chief newspaper, *L'Univers*, preaches a universal war for the restoration of the papacy; nor is it impossible that, armed with passports like those granted by the Bishop of San Salvador, the ultramontanes in some sudden access of fury may strive to rend in pieces the chiefs and rulers of Protestantism.

To guard ourselves from the effects of principles and parties so fatal to civilization is the plain duty of American citizens, and the growth of ultramontanism among us is the most dangerous element of our political future. It knows no moderation; it is governed by no well-ascertained laws. At one moment it grovels in the dust in feigned humility, the next it starts up menacing and terrible. It insinuates itself into the homes of the wealthy; it flatters, caresses, and waits its opportunity to sting. It pervades the press; it fixes upon leading politicians; it insnares, enchains, betrays. If we would not be like Belgium, divided into hostile sections; like France, incapable of freedom; like Mexico or Spain—if we would defend the republicanism of the New World, and drive from its fair shores the vengeful arm of Rome—if we would revive and perpetuate the principles of 1776, we must expel from political power ultramontanism, with all its adherents, and crush it before it fastens upon our schools and corrupts the sources of our civilization. Let ultramontanism and its Democratic allies sink before the rage of the people, and North and South America need fear no second San Miguel.

The spirit of mediæval cruelty should be banished forever from the New World by the overwhelming vote of all its nations.

Eugene Lawrence.

AUNT PAMELA'S ADVICE.

They had remained quite still, the two women, by the back casement, watching the light fade from the hills on the Hoboken shore. And now all the glory had departed; a cold green shadow enveloped the landscape, and the elder turned shudderingly away.

"Come, Belle," she said, "close the shutters and stir up the fire. Let's have an early tea."

"Oh, Aunt Pamela," cried Belle, "have you no corner for sentiment in that practical heart of yours? Is it all wasted in pampering that detestable feline monster of a Pluto, or that nonentity of a canary, Pip? This twilight is the sweetest hour of the whole twenty-four. Just fancy in yonder shadowy wood what flowers are bursting into bloom; what mosses and ferns and lovely crawling things are awaking from their long winter's sleep; how by some slimy pool an orchestra of frogs is performing, perhaps at this very moment, for the benefit of some belated Maying party! Why, Aunt Pam, what's the matter? Don't faint, Aunt Pam! Good heavens!"

And the young woman ran shouting into the corridor for the maid, Hannah; but before that tidy little woman had reached the pleasant parlor, where Belle had left her aunt fainting, the spell had gone over, and Aunt Pamela was herself again.

"Why, Aunt Pam—" commenced Belle, in tenderest sympathy. But her aunt laughingly bade her hold her peace, and never betray to a living creature a weakness she hated to be guilty of, of which she was heartily ashamed; and vowed that no picture, however vividly drawn, or foolish qualm of cruel analogy, should tempt her to such an iniquity again.

"It all comes, Belle, of your sentimental lounging at the windows at this dull hour of the evening; or perhaps this May is a little oppressive."

"Oppressive, aunt! It is sweet and balmy—"

"Well, well, child, have it so, if you will; and now let Hannah bring in the tea, for Jack will be here presently to take you away."

The sweet face of Belle suddenly clouded over, her red lips pouted and curved themselves in disdain; two little dents shaped themselves over her Grecian nose.

"Jack isn't coming, aunt," she said. "I'm a little tired of his being forever tied to my apron-strings. Oh, Aunt Pam, how shall I make Jack a little more dignified? I want to be proud as well as fond of him. He's too silly, too demonstrative; how can I cure him? Aunt Pam, advise me!"

Aunt Pamela looked at Belle irresolutely for a moment, then beckoned to Hannah to take the tea away again.

"I'll tell you a story, Belle," she said, "if you'll listen to it. I'll tell you how somebody you know came to be a cross, queer old maid—a whimsical, spiteful, lonely, desolate old woman."

"I don't know any such person," cried Belle.

"Yes, you do, child; you'll recognize her portrait when it's drawn. But at your age, dear, she was, I think, passably pretty and attractive; in fact, you won't believe it, but this heroine of mine was very like you when she was in the heyday of youth."

"Had she red hair, aunt, like mine?"

"Yes, and the brilliant complexion and high temper that go with it. She was only eighteen when she became the defendant in a case where all the little property she had in the world was at stake. She was already an orphan, and would have been a beggar had it not been for the wonderful zeal and ability of her legal adviser—Mr. Reginald Vickers. Long before the case was decided in her behalf she had grown to look forward to the necessary legal consultations as the brightest moments of her life, though not a word of love had passed between them. In truth, Belle, the lady of our story, whom we will call by my own old-fashioned name of Pamela, had a warm heart under a very cold exterior, and although she knew how to love well and devotedly, could not shape her sentiment to suit the somewhat energetic and passionate devotion of the young barrister.

"'You are so cold, Pamela,' he would say; 'one might as well have a bit of archæology in the shape of one of the mutilated Grecian goddesses for an idol. I whisper ever so many pretty things in your ear, and one would think they stopped at the tympanum, for not the faintest blush tinges your marble cheek, and the chiseled splendor of your profile remains as if carved in stone.'

"And all this time, Belle, every word of his had been like an electric shock of bliss to her enraptured soul, and she scarcely knew whether she was in paradise or upon the earth.

"When her engagement had reached an epoch devoted to the bridal trousseau, she became very much the property of certain relatives and their chosen seamstresses; there was so much of trying on, of comparing and choosing, that very little time was left for Reginald, of which he complained most bitterly; and when the convention adjourned to the country to arrange further preliminaries for the coming happiness, Reginald declared he would follow her very soon.

"It was weather such as this, Belle, in the month of May; and the very morning of her journey the luckless Pamela offended Reginald by repulsing him in what she held an unbefitting levity and familiarity. He had but twirled her about the rooms two or three times, caroling out in his gleeful way:

> 'In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
> When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding:
> Sweet lovers love the spring!'

"Pamela bade him somewhat haughtily to desist, which he did, with a frown, and went immediately out of her presence, nor did she see him again until he bade her a cold farewell at the window of the railway car. So she went upon her way almost broken-hearted, and had no joy in the vernal landscape, nor, indeed, could she see field, or post, or flying bits of beauty for the tears that dimmed her sight. She took herself to task, and vowed that, come what would, when Reginald should meet her again, she would welcome him warmly, even should he enter the house by way of a somersault.

"Nevertheless, she found herself hoping that his first visit among these simple country folk would prove to them that he was altogether a superior being, not fashioned after the same clay as themselves—picturing him as she had so often seen him when deep in legal controversy, his high white brow bent into a frown, his eyes glowing with a secret fire, words falling out of his mouth like molten coals upon the heads of his adversaries. Poor foolish girl! here were no adversaries; only some honest, faithful hearts that loved her far beyond her desert.

"Reginald reached the farm one balmy evening, riding from the train in a convenient ox-cart, his traveling suit of gray and broad straw hat, his flowing neck-tie and the air of easy nonchalance and careless simplicity about him, gravely vexing his exacting betrothed. He had not been half an hour with Pamela before he was on intimate terms with the whole of her uncle's family. There was not the hint of a frown on his brow, and no trace of legal lore or dignity of state embarrassed his intercourse with her simple relatives.

"To hear him talk as he stood there by the five-barred gate, swinging little Elsie to and fro, one would suppose that he had never pleaded a case, that he had never quoted a poem, or delivered an oration. Pamela's uncle drawled to him in his provincial dialect, her aunt joined in the conversation without even dropping her sun-bonnet, and Cousin Ephraim, the bashfulest of mortals, sat down to tea with the stranger guest. The supper the young lawyer devoured that night would have honored the appetite of a laborer in the off kitchen. Pamela looked with dismay at her Olympian, wondering if that could be the way the gods dined upon ambrosia. So, wounded and disappointed, scarce knowing why, she sat silent and cold by his side when they were alone together once more. They had the whole of the grim parlor, with its whitewashed walls, its hideous portraits, its horse-hair sofa and chairs, to themselves; but the door of the sitting-room stood ajar, and Reginald looked longingly thence upon the gay rag carpet, the well-polished stove, with its grate aflame, the warm cushioned chair where her aunt nodded, and the bit of holly-crowned glass, where Ephraim made himself smart to visit sweet little Jessie Downes.

"'She is the loveliest creature, Reginald,' said Pamela, 'that the sun ever shone upon.'

"'Except one,' said Reginald. 'But I don't believe old Sol's rays often reach you, my Pamela.'

"The very next morning, at the country church, he saw Cousin Ephraim's sweetheart. As was her wont, she nestled in the corner of her father the deacon's pew, and looked with rapt eyes to the good old minister, while Reginald's eyes, once fastened on her primrose face, never left it throughout the service. He began to quote under his breath,

> 'No grape that's kindly ripe could be
> So round, so soft, so plump, as she!'

And while they stood for the second hymn, he went on whispering in Pamela's ear,

> 'Her cheeks so rare a white is on,
> No daisy makes comparison—
> Who sees them is undone;
> For streaks of red are mingled there
> Such as are on a Catherine pear
> The side that's next the sun.'

By some magnetism their eyes met, and poor little Jessie's rapt gaze left the face of the minister to feast shyly upon the classical allurements of the young barrister.

"Reginald walked homeward by Jessie's side, while Ephraim and Pamela followed after, both proud and pleased that the little maiden had found favor in the sight of so distinguished a guest.

"Reginald prolonged his stay in the country, declaring that he needed a vacation, and was out in the morning betimes, fishing in the neighboring streams for sunfish, and gathering wild flowers and ferns; coming back at sundown somewhat abstracted in his manner, but sallying forth again the next day.

"Pamela declined to join these excursions, as the sun and wind together would have made sad havoc with her complexion—as they would with yours, my dear, you very well know. But there are complexions, Belle, that the sun takes to kindly enough, and paints with a magical brush, the wind putting in a crimson that was never found even upon the palette of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Upon the May festival, which was arranged late in the month as a farewell celebration for Pamela and her betrothed, the beauty of sweet Jessie Downes seemed to our pale patrician of the city like something almost supernatural. She called to Reginald time and again to tell her if he had ever conceived of so glowing and vivid a loveliness, and could not take her eyes from a head that made the sweet blossoms with which it was crowned seem faded and dull by comparison.

"The day grew somewhat chill toward evening, and in the hollow of the wood, where Pamela wandered alone, it seemed to her that the wind whistling among the trees arose to a kind of sob that was almost human in its intensity. And as she walked along, half anxious now to escape from a solitude that seemed peopled with melancholy sounds, she heard a murmur of voices close at hand, just beyond the little thicket that barred her progress.

"'It is so hard to say good-by, my sweet child,' said a voice that was the one voice in the world to Pamela. 'You have crept into my heart, warming and blessing it.'

"'And shall I never see you again?' sobbed little Jessie Downes.

"'Nay, darling, how can I tell? Perhaps when this sweet madness is cured—'

"And then, Belle, poor Pamela heard no more. A blessed unconsciousness seized her, and for the first time in her life she fainted. Not the last: alas! since that moment of agony her nerves have not been so strong, and upon the recurrence of certain sounds or certain remembrances she loses herself for a time. A little while ago, when you pictured that scene in the woods, it put into words that bit of the past; I saw again the mosses and ferns at my feet, the little black pool of water half covered with withered leaves, and I heard the dull thud or discordant croak of the frogs.

"When, upon that time long ago, I awoke to consciousness, Reginald was bending over me with a white stricken face, and all the rest were busy with possets and restoratives in my behalf.

"When we were left alone together, and I found that Reginald hoped I was unconscious of all, I was tempted to accept this negative happiness held out to me by a niggardly destiny; but he begged of me, with a persistency which I interpreted in my own way, to follow him as

quickly as possible to the city, whither he was going the following morning.

"'You may as well remain,' I said, coldly: 'a cowardly retreat now will avail nothing. Seek your happiness where you may, Reginald Vickers; it has never been dependent upon mine. I heard your words to Jessie—'

"'And if you did,' he broke in, 'what then? They were the first fond ones I ever said to her, and these were wrung from me by her sorrow for our parting. I never meant to do you wrong, Pamela, and was not disloyal to you in heart. It was a mad, foolish impulse: forgive it, I pray you. Do not let this one fault make misery for both our lives. I will promise never to see her again.'

"'And do you think,' I cried, 'that her agony will mend mine?'

"'Nonsense, Pamela; it is not in a nature like hers to suffer long.'

"'But it is in a nature like mine,' I said. 'Nevertheless, Reginald Vickers, your path and mine lie apart henceforth and forever!'

"'Be it so, then,' he said, his face whitening to his lips. 'Let your accursed pride be the cause, as it has always been. Had you been less cold, I had not sinned against a love strong and perfect at its birth, but stinted and starved every day that it lived. I beg of you, as you at least value the peace of others, to breathe no word of this to your cousin Ephraim; he is a good fellow, and deserves well of happiness. Let him win and wear his wild blossom, as pure and sweet, so help me Heaven! as when first he found it. As for me, I will trouble all of you no more!'

"He went, and with him went the rest of my life; for though I am nearly fifty years old, I only lived to the age of twenty. It was fortunate, at least, that mine was the only life bereft; for Reginald married five years after, and Jessie took up the thread of her love for Ephraim where it could be so readily mended that my honest cousin never knew it was broken."

"Dear me, Aunt Pam," said Belle, her eyes full of tears, "in all those five years, before he married that other woman, why didn't you make up? Why didn't you write to him, or fall in his way somehow, or pretend that you wanted to consult him as a lawyer?"

"I was too proud, Belle," said Aunt Pamela, brushing the tears from the young eyes looking wistfully into her own. And then there was a clatter at the door, and Jack came bounding up the stairs two at a time, leaping from the landing into the parlor, and taking Aunt Pamela and Belle into one hearty embrace. It was noticeable that Belle found no fault with this lack of dignity, nor found Jack too demonstrative.

"How jolly it is here, Aunt Pamela!" said that ardent young lover. "Belle is like a blamed icicle at the house yonder, and I never had any yearning toward the polar regions."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 29.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 5.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 26.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 29.—St. Michael and All Angels.

IT is remarkable that in the argument on the appeal of the Rev. Mr. KEET, the Wesleyan minister, before the Court of Arches, no defendant appeared. The counsel for Mr. KEET showed that in addressing Wesleyan ministers, it was the practice of the officers of the crown to style them "Reverend." Instances of the use of the title on the tombstones of Non-conformist ministers buried in parish church-yards were abundantly quoted. To show how slight the interference of vicars with inscriptions had been, counsel cited one from a tomb in the church-yard of St. Leonard's, Cheapside:

"Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talked till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath."

The dean took time to consider his opinion, but indicated it by saying that "even if the use of the title 'Reverend' by a Wesleyan minister was not illegal, it did not follow that a bishop or clergyman had no power to disallow certain inscriptions on the tombstones in church-yards." In this case the learned judge is called upon to review the ruling of his own son.

The one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of DANIEL O'CONNELL (August 6) was celebrated with religious and other ceremonies throughout the Catholic world. In Dublin great excitement was created by the effort of opposing parties to carry out conflicting programmes. The Mayor of the city was not permitted by his opponents to read Lord O'HAGAN's speech, and at the banquet in the evening it was impossible to obtain a hearing for CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, one of the orators of the occasion. The Mayor retired from the chair, the lights were suddenly extinguished, and the banquet broke up in confusion.

The sum of £30,000 has been subscribed for the erection of a large hall in the West End of London, to be dedicated to evangelistic work.

A letter of Dr. DÖLLINGER to the Society of the "Friends of Spiritual Enlightenment," in St. Petersburg, has been published. It relates to the Conference at Bonn, which began August 12, and stated that the main feature of the Conference will be the discussion of the doctrine of the "procession of the Holy Spirit." It will be remembered that at the Conference of 1874 this topic was prominent, and that the effort to secure in relation to it entire harmony with the representatives of the Greek Church was not wholly successful. Dr. DÖLLINGER says that he does not despair of agreement, if "both parties will bear in mind the distinction between theological speculations and Church doctrines, and if they will stand firmly on the same ground as the Church fathers occupied, and not on that of later theologians, who thought only of contest and victory." It is expected that an archimandrite of the Servian Church will be present at Bonn.

The "harmonium" question has become quite serious among the Presbyterians of Ireland, the authorities pronouncing against their use in public worship, and the people, to some extent, pronouncing in their favor. The Presbyterians of Cork and Clonmel have lately passed resolutions expressive of their willingness to give up their harmoniums, provided the General Assembly will supply them with suitable precentors. One opposer of musical instruments, being reminded that they will be at least tolerated in the better world, is credited with the reply, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The British Wesleyan Conference met this year at Sheffield, July 28, and organized by the election of the Rev. GERVASE SMITH as president. As usual, the Committees of Review met in advance of the assembling of the Conference. There were reported 890 day schools—a decrease of sixteen for the year; 5893 Sunday-schools, in which are 116,033 officers and teachers. The committee appointed a year since to consider the subject of lay representation adopted unanimously the following resolution:

"That having considered the minutes of the District Committees upon the report of the committees appointed to consider the constitution of the Committees of Review, and recognizing the fact that a large number of the districts have expressed opinions in favor of a direct and formal association of representatives of the laity with the Conference during such of its sessions as do not relate to matters purely ministerial, requests the Conference to appoint a mixed committee to consider the whole question of lay representation, and that to that committee be referred the report on the constitution of the Committees of Review, and the opinions of the District Committees upon it."

The *Nonconformist* (London), in a careful summary of the results of the work of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY in England, says: "On the whole, we are of opinion that the gratitude of devout Christians in this country is due to them for their labors during the last few months. They have taught us some useful practical lessons, the chief of which is that when men's hearts are wholly given up to the work in which they are engaged, they are sure to command a measure of success which no propriety of means deficient in this self-devoted spirit can hope to accomplish."

Notwithstanding the deluge of rain, the National Sunday-school Convention at Fair Point, Chautauqua Lake, New York, was a great success. Among the novel features was a museum of Oriental objects, ancient and modern. As many as 6000 persons were supposed to be on the grounds at one time.

Plain talking by clergymen of the Established Church is now the order of the day. The hard-working curates especially indulge in great freedom of speech when expressing their opinions of the dignitaries above them. One, the Rev. HENRY J. ALCOCK, has published a pamphlet, in which he pronounces "the nepotism of episcopal patrons more culpable than that of all others." Mr. ALCOCK thinks that the union of Church and state can not last much longer.

The ultramontane refugees from Prussia now in Belgium have been notified that they will not be suffered to reside on the frontier, but must move into the interior.

On May 29 (Trinity-Sunday) the Church of the Holy Trinity at Shanghai was formally taken possession of by Bishop RUSSELL as the cathedral church of the diocese of North China.

The Archbishop of Syracuse, Monsignor GUARINI, has been expelled from his episcopal palace by the state authorities.

The Rev. A. H. MACKONOCHIE, of St. Alban's, London, officiated at his church again on Sunday, July 24. He has addressed to the Bishop of London a very strongly worded letter remonstrating against the application of the principles of the PURCHAS judgment to his case. In the letter he states that a memorial signed by 3350 persons has been presented to him assuring him of the support of the signers in any course he may take "for securing to them the enjoyment of their liberties as Catholic Christians in the Church of England."

A Synod of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland is announced to be held in Maynooth, August 17. This is the first synodical gathering of the kind since that of Thurles in 1850. It is stated that the Synod is called in obedience to instructions from Rome. The Dublin *Mail* declares that its object is "to ultramontanize the Irish Church."

Meetings have been held in Halifax, England, to protest against the "vicar's rate," a local tax which yields £1400 yearly to the vicar, but is very obnoxious to the people. The Rev. Dr. MELLOR, who for refusal to pay it has had two hams taken from his house, was one of the chief speakers. He advised the Dissenters to suffer distraint rather than submit to the tax.

The annual missionary meeting at Basle, which closed July 2, was an occasion of great interest. The Mission House provided for 800 guests. The chief event of the week was the setting apart of three missionaries, one for Africa and two for India, in the presence of an audience estimated to contain 4000 persons. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the series of "garden meetings" held on the grounds of friends of missions in Basle.

When the returns of the late elections in Bavaria are analyzed, they show great gains for the liberal party. The vote was for electors, who will return the Deputies. In Munich 228 liberal electors were chosen, against 56 ultramontanes, which gives the liberals all the Deputies (five) for that city. The towns generally went liberal, the country districts clerical. In 1869 the ultramontanes had a majority of thirteen deputies; now their majority, according to the latest accounts, will be but two. This meagre result was obtained after the most passionate appeals made to the voters "to save the Church." The Archbishop of Munich and the other bishops issued pastorals bidding the people to vote the Catholic ticket. The liberals are rejoicing over the result.

Surprise has been created in the Catholic world by the appearance of a charge from the Bishop of Oporto, in which he strongly condemns the Vatican Decrees. According to the *Journal des Débats*, "He declares that the dogma of pontifical infallibility is contrary to the liberty and supremacy of the Church, the sole criterion for the authenticity of whose doctrines is universal assent, and not the will and caprice of a man who, however great his authority, is fatally subject to the frailness and fallibility inherent in humanity. He declares that the Syllabus is an attempt against the right of nations, the negation of civil society acting in the full exercise of its powers, a torch of discord in the hands of the ministers of peace and gentleness, a manifestation of anger, of egotism, and of a cabal against the progress of the human mind, which is free and not the slave of another man, for none can be a slave whom Christ calls brother. It is a grave crime, he continues, to bring disrepute on the government and laws of a country by saying that they are the work of hell; for Christ commands us to respect established authorities, and to obey the laws in rendering to God what is God's, and to CÆSAR what is CÆSAR's. It is a yet greater crime to conspire against the laws of a country in order to substitute for them the Syllabus, the monstrous birth of a delirium, a new edition, so to speak, of the *Bulla Cœnæ Domini*, which has been condemned in Portugal and by the Christian princes." The bishop concludes by charging the curés to guard their flocks against the inroads of error.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BURGLARS are not lazy in winter-time, but in summer they carry on a brisk business both in city and country. This season they have not spared city houses, neither the vacant nor the occupied ones; moreover, they have taken tours through the country, investigating the summer residences all along the Hudson River, searching dwellings in quiet New England towns, breaking open stores and banks wherever there were indications that it would "pay." As a rule, burglars do not break into a house unless they know there is in it something valuable enough to fully compensate them for the labor and risk. It has been divulged by those "in the business" that all important burglaries are the result of long and careful planning; that information is obtained and investigations made usually by an "outside party," who thoroughly informs himself in regard to the plan of the building to be entered, and where money or valuables are kept; then he selects burglars to do the work for him and share in the profits. The jimmies, skeleton-keys, dark lanterns, chisels, mallets, powder fuses, and other tools of the trade are powerful enough to remove ordinary and even extraordinary barriers. Locks are usually easily overcome; but inside bolts—so burglars have said—are difficult to manage. A bedroom door protected by a bolt must be pried open to effect an entrance—a process which makes too much noise to be adopted by any sensible burglar. "Burglar-proof" safes are usually blown open with powder, or broken with mallets and chisels. And if the people who live in the vicinity of a bank hear two or three explosions, as they recently did in a New England village, but calmly turn over and go to sleep again, burglars will have a fine chance to carry off whatever the bank contains, as they easily did in the case to which we refer. The best way to feel secure from the intrusion of those midnight robbers is to keep little money and few portable valuables in one's dwelling-house. Vacant houses in the city are soon discovered, and unless put under special surveillance, owners may find, on their return from summer resorts, that their homes have been thoroughly ransacked.

A couple of years ago one Colonel Stone, of Virginia, Nevada, while traveling at night, was stopped by a highwayman and robbed. A valuable watch and chain caused the identification of the thief, whose name was Darling, and he was convicted and sentenced to several years in the State-prison. Recently Colonel Stone received from Darling a cribbage-board of beautiful workmanship, which he manufactured in prison himself. On one end is carved a picture of a man with a pistol stopping two horses attached to a buggy, representing the robbery, and beneath it are cut the words, "Darling *v.* Stone." On the other end are the words, "Stone *v.* Darling," and above is a man with a ball and chain attached to his leg, with a mallet and chisel in his hand cutting a block of stone. The cribbage-board is of elegant design and finish, and shows considerable artistic skill.

The new iron bridge of the Erie Railway over the Genesee Falls at Portage, New York, is completed, has been thoroughly tested, and put at once to satisfactory use. This bridge is eight hundred feet long, and takes the place of the famous wooden structure which was destroyed by fire last May.

Complaints in regard to the impurities of the Croton water are frequent, and certainly seem worthy of regard. There has recently been on exhibition in a Broadway shop window two jars of water, one containing a yellowish, muddy liquid, labeled "our Croton," from the regular supply pipe. The other jar contained a transparent, colorless fluid, which was purified Croton, and certainly looked a wholesome, delightful beverage. Impure water is the fruitful source of many serious diseases; and there is little doubt but that Croton Lake and reservoirs need careful investigation.

Delaware peach growers have made arrangements for the shipment of peaches to England by means of specially adapted refrigerators; and it is expected that American peaches can be sold in England at such a price as to actually compete with the trade of Southern France.

July and August dampened the whole earth most thoroughly. France was submerged, England deluged, our own West terribly flooded, and torrents fell spasmodically throughout the whole country. Watering-places have been wetter than guests bargained for, baths could be taken without the trouble of going into the sea, camp grounds have been soaked, and summer-built cottages have dripped unpleasantly. But, worst of all, lives have been lost and crops greatly injured, villages have been laid waste, and the damage is estimated by millions.

Colonel G. B. Mallison, of the Bengal Staff Corps, a distinguished official, states in a recent work on the native states of India (Hindostan) that the native rulers command collectively 5252 guns, 9390 trained artillerymen, 64,172 cavalry, and 241,063 foot-soldiers. The significance of the above figures may be understood when we add that in the whole of Hindostan the European force is less than 70,000 men of all arms. The differences of race and creed among the natives of that vast peninsula alone enable the English to hold them in subjection.

Twenty-six models have been offered for the memorial statue of Charles Sumner, fourteen of which were at once rejected by the committee. The requirement is that it shall be a sitting figure.

The National School of Cookery, which was established in London more than a year ago, not only continues to be useful, but has become fashionable. The upper classes of society are thoroughly interested in the movement, and it is hoped the interest will soon extend to those classes where the defects of a culinary education are at present most severely felt. Since the opening of the school 766 pupils have attended it, of whom 198 have presented themselves for examination, and obtained learners' certificates. A few of them have become so proficient as to be fitted for teachers. The instruction given in this school is of the most practical kind.

During the twenty years ending with 1840 the exports of wheat and flour from this country averaged in value about $5,500,000 a year; the average exports doubled during the next ten years, and during the ten years ending with 1860 they rose to an average of $25,000,000. Even during the war decade the increase continued. In 1871 the shipments rose to $69,200,000, and last year to $130,600,000. These statistics show a remarkable growth.

Newport has one of the finest beaches on the New England coast. The under-tow is not strong, and no danger need be feared. No drowning accident has occurred there for many years. Children go into the surf freely, apparently unmindful of such a thing as danger. There are about one hundred and fifty bathing-houses, and the use of one costs fifteen cents; yet there is not so very much bathing at Newport as might be expected.

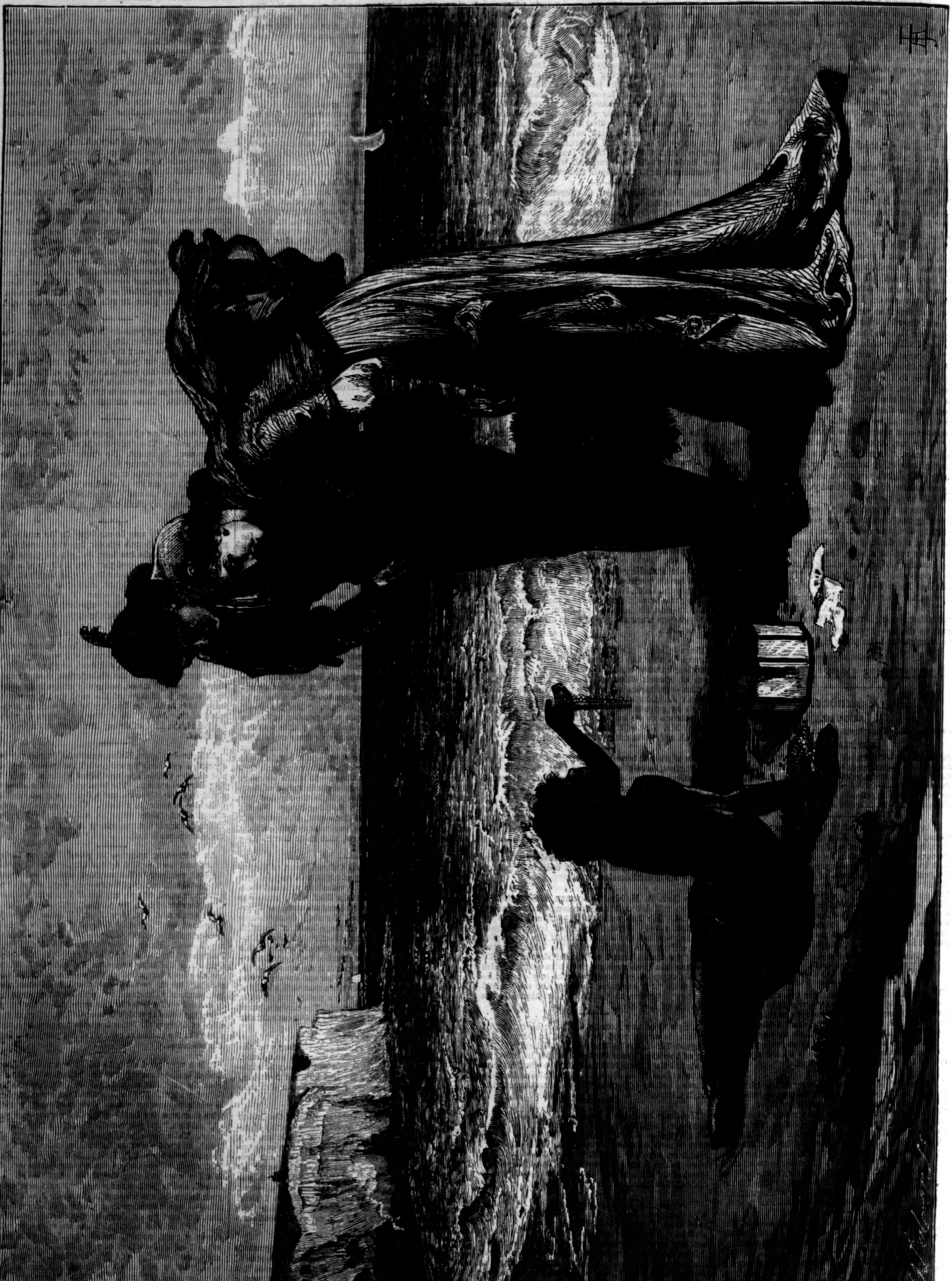
The cock-chafer may be employed in the arts with good effect. A French scholar has discovered that after the cock-chafer has been decapitated there will issue through the severed part several drops of a liquid whose color varies according to the nature of the food last eaten. This liquid, utilized as a water-color, has met with marked success. Fourteen different shades have been made, and experiments show that the new colors do not change by exposure to the air and light.

An exchange informs us that the head waiter at the new Palace Hotel, San Francisco, will wear a purple velvet suit, powdered wig, silk hose, and pumps. He will receive guests at the dining-room door to the sound of operatic music, and gently assign them seats by a slight inclination of the head and a graceful wave of his hand. On Sundays he will walk on rose-wood stilts. As his fine clothes are thrown in with his board, the idea of feeing him must never be entertained.

At Kennebunkport, Maine, a remarkable mirage was recently seen. Looking southward, the Isles of Shoals, not usually visible, appeared lifted about a hundred feet above the water. The hotel on one of the islands could be distinctly seen, and a dozen or more vessels were also mirrored in the sky. This appearance continued about fifteen minutes, and then faded from view. Mirage is not uncommon in that locality when the atmosphere is hazy.

An interesting question in postal law has lately arisen and been settled by the authorities. A cable dispatch received by Postmaster-General Jewell from the postal authorities of Switzerland requested the return, unopened, of two registered letters of certain dates forwarded from Switzerland, addressed to Duncan, Sherman, & Co., New York. This request was submitted by Postmaster-General Jewell to Judge Spence, solicitor of the department, and to the Attorney-General. Under advice of these two officials, the Postmaster-General sent a reply by cable to the Swiss authorities declining to return the letters. A letter has also been forwarded to the same authorities explaining that the postal laws of the United States have been uniformly construed to terminate the property in or control over a letter by the writer when the letter leaves the office at which it is mailed, and that at the office of delivery the letter becomes the property, and subject to the exclusive control, of the party to whom it is addressed.

It is a very good story to tell, how a skillful Long Branch landlord managed to accommodate the crowds from the city that rushed into his hotel late one hot Saturday night. Mr. Landlord had not a vacant place in which to stow away some dozens of weary guests, who clamored for beds. "I will accommodate you all," said he, "but you must keep quiet and do just as I say. Take these bathing clothes, go down to the beach, and while you are bathing by moonlight I will prepare beds for you." Half an hour later Mr. Landlord appeared on one of the piazzas, where several families were enjoying the music of the band. He bowed, and in broken tones said, "My friends, assist your fellow-beings who are in distress. About thirty minutes ago a steamer from Charleston, South Carolina, was cast up on shore by these lovely breakers, and there on the beautiful beach are over fifty half-drowned men, women, and children." The listeners uttered an exclamation of sympathy. "You know my hotel is full," said Mr. Landlord, wiping his eyes, "but if you will help me, I will give shelter to these poor sufferers." And then rooms were given up, friends crowded into each other's rooms, pillows and blankets were relinquished; and when Mr. Landlord had brought up the dripping bathers, and the whole fifty stood in a row, their appearance caused great excitement, and every body wanted to do something for them. The sleeping accommodations were all ready, and Mr. Landlord happy as a king. Such is one of the thrilling tales whose recital serves to while away the listless summer hours at fashionable watering-places.



TREASURE-TROVE.—[SEE PAGE 705.]

DUCK-SHOOTING IN PANAMA.

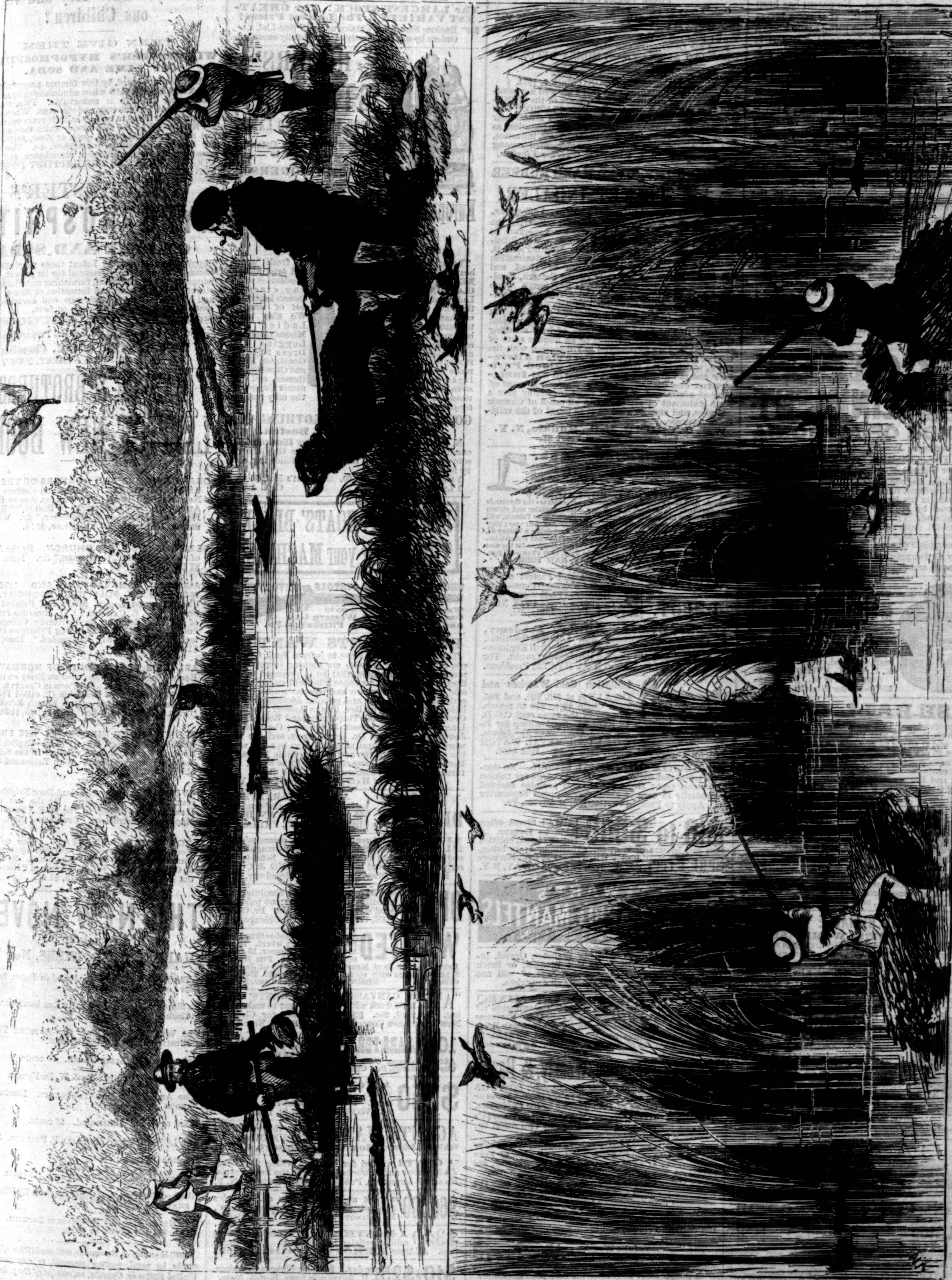
Wild sports in Panama are sometimes pursued under peculiar difficulties, as the reader may see for himself by glancing at the illustrations on this page, which depict the experiences of a party of gentlemen engaged in shooting wild-ducks in the alligator-haunted swamps of that country. Game of various kinds is plentiful, and there is a great deal of fine sport to be had there; but it is not a pleasant sensation, when standing in water up to the knees on a bit of sedgy bank, to have half a dozen hungry alligators watching for a chance to snap you up if you should happen to step off too near their hideous jaws. The prize is hardly worth the risk, but the sportsmen do not think so.

TREASURE-TROVE.

Our illustration on the preceding page shows two lovers, dressed in the quaint costume of olden time, who have stopped in their stroll along the level beach to examine the necklace held up to their gaze by the urchin who sprawls half naked on the sand beside the broken casket. The boy has no sentiment about the relic of shipwreck; to him it is simply treasure-trove, something pretty he has found half buried in the sand when the tide was out, for which he can get a good price, perhaps, if the lady is pleased with it; but to her it may recall some terrible tragedy of the sea, when a good ship, freighted with treasure and human lives, went down on that coast, under the remorseless waves.

GERMAN LADIES.

We like to believe of beauty that it would be as beautiful in the desert, for the sun and the sand and the sky, as it is in the ball-room, where, by one consent, it is crowned "belle." A German lady understands nothing of such wild theories; she does not even appreciate the "sweet civility" that lies in the fact of a woman coming to her husband's or father's breakfast table trim, fresh, and fragrant; on the contrary, she issues from her bedroom in a loose wrapper, carpet or felt slippers, and with what in your haste you will call a night-cap. Courtesy demands that it shall be spoken of as a *Morgenhaube*, and in the sense that the night-cap proper has been taken off and replaced by a tumbled edition, we may accede to the term; otherwise it has no pretension to be dignified by any finer name than you have given it. With hair undressed and stuffed away in plaits or curls under the muslin top-knot, in the most uncompromising of *déshabillés*, the lady presides over the breakfast. If you have seen her *en toilette* the night before, meeting her now you will scarcely recognize the fairy vision of your dreams. At first you will imagine you have stumbled upon the housekeeper, who has arisen to a hasty performance of her morning duties, and donned this surreptitious costume; but hospitality, as we understand it—the hospitality of spare rooms, that is—is a thing unknown, and the occasions when a stranger can gaze upon the *Hausfrau déguisée en papillotes* are necessarily very restricted. There is only



WILD-DUCK SHOOTING IN PANAMA.

the husband, and the husband knows no better; he would be startled out of his ordinary phlegma should his wife appear "finished" at that early hour of the day, and would think that sudden frenzy had seized her for its own.

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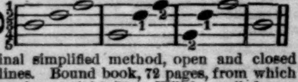
Banjo 

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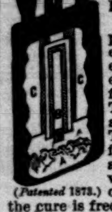

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(*Continued from page 708.*)

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One of the most prominent symptoms of these delicate diseases is a desire on the part of the sufferer to avoid society, seclusion being preferred. The patient experiences languor, mental anxiety, gloomy forebodings, impaired memory, indigestion, and general physical debility. There is a debilitating drain upon the system, and to this cause we may safely attribute a large proportion of all the cases of palsy, apoplexy, epilepsy (fits), softening of the brain, insanity, loss of nervous and muscular power,

Premature Decay,

catarrh, consumption, and dyspepsia. The patient becomes melancholy, irritable, despondent—a victim to unfounded suspicions and horrible dreams. He experiences weakness in the back and limbs, night sweats, and there is an offensive odor about the person. The complexion is haggard and blanched, blotches, pimples, and other cutaneous eruptions appear upon the face, there is derangement of sight, lack of self-confidence, and a want of both mental and physical energy. No case will manifest all these symptoms at any one stage of the disease, but more or less of them are sure to be present. Years ago I resolved to pay particular attention to the investigation and treatment of this class of diseases, which are not only alarmingly prevalent, but sadly neglected and mistreated by the general practitioners of medicine. Accordingly I have tested and developed a series of vegetable remedies, which act specifically in these affections. Having successfully treated *over twenty thousand cases*, I can safely say of my remedies that they are rejuvenating elixirs and unfailing in their remedial effects. I now prescribe them not only with assurance, but with the same confidence that I would give bread and beef to a starving man to satisfy his hunger. The uniform success which has attended the employment of these remedies has led me to rely upon them with explicit faith. They render these weaknesses as curable as other chronic or lingering diseases. For these reasons I have particularly solicited those cases which have been regarded as incurable. The patient is subjected to no surgical operation, and he can safely and accurately follow the directions given, while the treatment does not interfere with any ordinary occupation in which he may be engaged. These delicate diseases should not be intrusted to physicians who advertise under fictitious names, or to those of ordinary qualifications. The general practitioner may be thoroughly read in these diseases, but he can not acquire the skill of a specialist who annually treats thousands of cases, while the former seldom, if ever, has occasion to prescribe for them.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Those who desire further information in regard to the causes, symptoms, and treatment of these maladies, are referred to "The People's Medical Adviser," which embraces a full consideration of these subjects.

Experienced Book Agents

find profitable employment by engaging in the sale of this popular work. For terms and territory, send name and address to the Author.

The treatment of all forms of

Surgical Diseases and Deformities

has long formed a prominent branch of our practice at the World's Dispensary. Few physicians engaged in general practice are willing to undertake the more difficult surgical operations. Besides, the general practitioner can hardly afford to provide himself with the very large and expensive collection of instruments which the surgeon must possess who is frequently called upon to perform the various operations incident to an extensive practice in the field of operative surgery. Hence very many physicians send such surgical cases as they do not wish to undertake to the World's Dispensary for treatment. Among the most common diseases and deformities met with in our operating rooms, I may mention Hair-lip, Cross-eye, Everted and Inverted Eyelids, Cataract, Obstruction of the Tear Duct, Nasal Polypus, Tumors, Cancers, Fistula in Ano, Piles, Hernia (Rupture), Club-feet, Wry Neck, Spinal Curvature, Diseased Bones, Stone in the Bladder, Ovarian and Uterine Tumors. All the delicate operations upon the eye and ear are performed in the most skillful manner. Amputations and Excision of diseased joints and bones are performed whenever required, but by new and improved modes of treatment we are frequently enabled to cure our patients without recourse to these capital operations in cases where many surgeons would resort to them. Such patients as suffer from diseases requiring for their successful treatment our personal attention will be provided on the most favorable terms with comfortable apartments and board while remaining here under treatment.

Fees for Consultation.

Our fee for a simple consultation by letter is *One Dollar*, and must accompany the history of the case or no attention will be paid to the communication. If the consultation by letter involve a microscopical and chemical examination of urine, the fee will be *Three Dollars*, and must be remitted in advance, or the communication will receive no attention.

Terms of Treatment.

Our fees for treatment are moderate, varying according to the nature and requirements of each particular case, and will be made known at the time of consultation.

Visiting Patients at a Distance.

I am frequently asked to visit patients residing hundreds of miles away, so that I may personally examine their case, consult with the attendant physician, or perform difficult surgical operations. As my time is valuable and very fully occupied, I can not always comply with such requests. Having a larger number of physicians on my Medical and Surgical Staff than formerly, I shall (when not able to attend in person) detail a competent member of the Faculty of this institution to respond to such demands upon our skill.

To Physicians

wishing to consult me in intricate cases of chronic diseases under their treatment, I desire to say that I shall, as in the past, take pleasure in responding to their solicitations. Every letter requesting such advice must contain a complete history of the case to be examined, and also a proper remuneration for my services. I can not comply with the numerous requests which I receive from members of the medical profession to aid them by my suggestions in difficult cases without a fair compensation for the time I would spend in attending to their wants. I have all the neccessary instruments and appliances required in executing the most difficult surgical operations, and as I have had much experience in this department, I am always ready and able to assist physicians who do not practice operative surgery. In this age of railways and telegraphs, medical or surgical aid can be summoned from a distance and promptly obtained.

My Family Medicines.

If you would patronize medicines, scientifically prepared, use my Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is tonic, alterative, or blood cleansing, and an unequaled cough remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seed, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; my Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for pain, bowel complaints, and an unequaled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public.

These standard remedies have been before the public for many years—a period long enough to fully test their merits—and the best argument that can be advanced in their favor is the fact that their sale was never so great as during the past six months.

Common Sense vs. Prejudice.

I am aware that there is a popular, and not altogether unfounded prejudice against "patent medicines," owing to the small amount of merit which many of them possess. The appellation, "Patent Medicine," does not apply to my remedies, as no patent has ever been asked for or obtained upon them, nor have they been urged upon the public as "cure-alls." They are simply some favorite prescriptions, which, in a very extensive practice, have proved their superior remedial virtues in the cure of the diseases for which they are recommended.

From the time of Hippocrates, the father of medicine, down to the present day, physicians have classified diseases according to their causes, character, or symptoms. It has been proved that diseases apparently different may often be cured by the same remedy. The reason for this singular fact is obvious, a single remedy may possess a variety of properties. Quinine, among other properties, has a tonic quality, which suggests its use in cases of debility; an antiperiodic, by which it is efficient in ague; and a febrifuge property, which renders it efficacious in cases of fever. The result produced will vary with the quantity given, the time of its administration, and the circumstances under which it is employed. Every practicing physician has his favorite remedies, which he oftenest recommends or uses, because he has the greatest confidence in their virtues. The patient does not know their composition. Even prescriptions are usually written in a language unintelligible to any but the druggist. As much secrecy is employed as in the preparation of proprietary medicines. Does the fact that an article is prepared by a process known only to the manufacturer render that article less valuable? How many physicians know the elementary composition of the remedies which they employ, some of which have never been analyzed? Few practitioners know how Morphine, Quinine, Podophyllin, Leptandrin, Pepsin, or Chloroform are made, or how nauseous drugs are transformed into palatable elixirs; yet they do not hesitate to employ them. Is it not inconsistent to use a prescription the composition of which is unknown to us, and discard another preparation simply because it is accompanied by a printed statement of its properties with directions for its use?

Some persons, while admitting that my medicines are good pharmaceutical compounds, object to them on the ground that they are too often used with insufficient judgment. I propose to obviate this difficulty by enlightening the people as to the structure and functions of their bodies, the causes, character, and symptoms of disease, and by indicating the proper and judicious employment of my medicines, together with such auxiliary treatment as may be necessary. Such is one of the designs of the People's Medical Adviser, forty thousand copies of which have already been published, and are sold at the exceedingly low price of $1 50, and sent (post-paid) to any address within the United States and Canada.

All orders for books, and letters of consultation, should be addressed to

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.,
World's Dispensary,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Voice of the Press.

From the St. Louis Globe.

The Successful Physician.

Dr. Pierce is a type of a class of men who obtain success by careful and well-directed effort, not attempting too much, or creating false ideas as to ability. The only reliable physician, in these days of complicated disorders and high-pressure living, is the "Specialist," the man who understands his one branch of the business. Such, in his line, is Dr. Pierce. For the benefit of his readers, he has written a "Common Sense Medical Adviser," which is well worth reading. With strict business honor, high professional skill, reasonable fees, and a large corps of competent assistants, Dr. Pierce will doubtless make his name familiar as "household words."

From the Philadelphia Press.

"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified," is an illustrated volume of nearly 900 pages, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, head of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, which gives a great deal of exact information on Physiology, Hygiene, Human Temperaments, Diseases, and Domestic Remedies. In a word, it communicates a vast quantity of sound and practical information, and will probably supersede numerous publications written by imperfectly-educated pretenders and quacks. Dr. Pierce is a superior and very different writer.

From the New York Baptist Union.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. By R. V. Pierce, M.D. People doubtless will and ought to become better acquainted with their own physiological structure, and with the symptoms, causes, preventives, and cure of disease. This book contains much needed information about these matters, given in language simple, clear, and direct; and also by means of cuts and plates scattered profusely throughout the work. Among the subjects treated are Biology, Physiology, Temperaments, Love, Marriage, Reproduction, Hygiene, and Medicine. Considering the size and intrinsic value of the work, the price is surprisingly low—$1 50.

From the Herald and Torchlight (Detroit).

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser comes to "Our Table" from the author and publisher, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce is a *man of the people*, writes for them, and to them tenders his eminent professional services. This fact, together with his extensive practice, will secure a sale for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" exceeding that of any similar work yet published. The author is well known as a gentleman of high professional attainments and an extensive experience in the practice of medicine and surgery. This work is devoted to the best interests of humanity, contains valuable information and medical advice, and, although written amid the cares of a busy professional life, evinces deep thought, originality, careful investigation, and an earnest desire to impart Truth.

From the Missouri Republican (St. Louis).

A Remarkable Professional Success.

Among the notable professional men of this country who have achieved extraordinary success is Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. The prominence which he has obtained has been reached through strictly legitimate means, and, so far, therefore, he deserves the enviable reputation which he enjoys. This large measure of success is the result of a thorough and careful preparation for his calling, and extensive reading during a long and unusually large practice, which has enabled him to gain high commendation, even from his professional brethren. Devoting his attention to certain specialties of the science he has so carefully investigated, he has been rewarded in a remarkable degree. In these specialties he has become a recognized leader.

From the (Cincinnati) Western Christian Advocate.

Among the important improvements of the age is the greatly increased facilities for obtaining a considerable knowledge of the laws of life, of physiology, and medicine. One of the best that has come to our notice is Dr. Pierce's "Common Sense Medical Adviser." Its language is plain and yet delicate. Its style is comprehensive and elegant. It is none the less learned for its plain English; not less adapted to the physician by being specially prepared for the people.

From the Saratoga Sun.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser is such a book as should be in every family, and as all men and women, old and young, should read, and can not fail to receive a great amount of practical knowledge from. It is a book that will make the reader acquainted with himself—the greatest stranger in the world to most people.

From the New York Courier.

Medicine for the Million.

Every body who reads the newspapers has heard of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, who, like a sensible man, has advertised in probably every paper in the country, and has reaped the usual reward of a fortune. The Doctor is now in the field with a book entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified," an octavo volume of nearly 900 pages, wherein the Doctor has embodied a treatise on Anatomy, Physiology, Materia Medica, Practice of Medicine, Hygiene, etc., besides a vast deal of valuable information in regard to Temperaments, Psychology, etc., not generally touched on in such treatises. The book is of a size which generally sells for about $4 50 to $5 00, but the Doctor sells it for $1 50; and we do not know where a purchaser could expect to get so much really valuable information for so little money as in this hand-book.

From the Rocky Mountain Herald.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, the greatest American specialist, and proprietor of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., has sent us his new book, entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," which is a handsome, large volume, elegantly got up, with hundreds of woodcuts and colored plates, and a complete cyclopedia of medical teachings for old and young of both sexes. *It has every thing in it*, according to the latest scientific discoveries, and withal is wonderfully *commonsensical* in its style and teachings.

From the Lafayette Daily Courier.

A Valuable Work.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, distinguished in surgery and the general practice in the profession he honors, has made a valuable contribution to the medical literature of the day, in a comprehensive work entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." While scientific throughout, it is singularly free from technical and stilted terms. It comes right down to the common sense of every-day life. Dr. Pierce is a noble specimen of American manhood. He has sprung from the people, and, with many sympathies in common with the masses, has sought to render them a substantial service in this the great work of his life.

A better and more useful work can not be secured for family or personal use.—*Masonic Jewell (Memphis).*

The name of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, is doubtless familiar in every household in the land. He is one of the few advertising physicians who enjoys general confidence, and this confidence is based entirely upon merit.—*Athol Transcript.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DROMIO MORTON (*of to-day*) to DROMIO MORTON (*of yesterday*). "The period has gone by when any increase of the currency would do good in checking the panic, I am free to say, and believe it must run its course until the times are relieved by economy, industry, and the operation of general causes."

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IT CAN BE APPLIED TO ANY FORM OF DRY-ROOM at trifling expense, and costs nothing to run it.

It will not injure the fibre of any organic or inorganic substance, and SAVES TIME, HEAT, AND MATERIAL.

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reduces the heat of the blood by creating perspiration, as well as through its purgative operation, that it produces such marvelous effect in febrile diseases.

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Has been invested in Stock Privileges and paid
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is GUARANTEED to be the best article known for Cleaning and Polishing GOLD, SILVER, WARE, &c. Try it. Sold by druggists, house-furnishing stores, and jewelers.
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BusinessMen dotheir printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. Amateur Printing, delightful pastime for spare hours. BOYS have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue presses type etc to the Mfrs
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In FURNITURE, Carpets, and Clothing, without injury to the most delicate color or goods. The expense for material and labor to clear them from the largest Parlor Suit *will not exceed One Dollar*. For ONE DOLLAR we will forward recipe and instructions, and GUARANTEE all we claim *or refund the money*. We refer to any National Bank in our city, and the Commercial Agency of Messrs. Dunn & Co.

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DISCOVERIES

AND

Unparalleled Success

IN THE TREATMENT OF

LONG CONTINUED

OR

CHRONIC DISEASES!

BY

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF

THE PEOPLE'S

Common Sense Medical Adviser,

In Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified.

Without boasting, I can say that probably no other physician living is to-day treating so many cases of Chronic Diseases as myself. Advertising largely, as I have for years in every part of America and several foreign countries, spending many hundred thousands of dollars in this way, and making a specialty of the treatment of Chronic Diseases, many thousands have thereby been led to consult me for relief. Although I advertise my Family Medicines and sell them through druggists very largely, the sales amounting to over half a million dollars yearly, yet that is but a part of my enterprise, the treatment of Chronic Diseases being an important and large branch of my business. The Family Medicines which I put up for sale are simply some favorite prescriptions and compounds of mine, which a large experience in the practice of my profession has enabled me to discover, develop, perfect, and test. While they are all most efficacious, and have effected great cures, which many have looked upon as almost miracles, yet they must not be considered as by any means embracing the ultimatum or sum total of my remedial resources.

For many years I have devoted myself very closely to the investigation and treatment of Chronic Diseases. A large experience in such cases has naturally led to the discovery of many new and valuable remedies and improved surgical methods, which have enabled me to succeed in multitudes of cases where others have failed. Accordingly, my practice became very extensive, and I established the

World's Dispensary, at Buffalo, N. Y.,

as a central depot for my standard Family Medicines, and adopted the system of specialties. My practice increased until I was obliged to employ professional assistants. The most thoroughly educated physicians, who have had experience in general practice, are engaged, and after remaining with me until they beoome experts in some one branch of medicine or surgery, they assist in examining and prescribing in that department. Thus, to one belongs diseases of the nervous system; to another surgical diseases; a third has charge of catarrhal and pulmonary diseases, and affections of the heart; a fourth attends to diseases peculiar to women; a fifth to diseases of the eye and ear; and to others are intrusted diseases of the urinary and generative organs. All doubtful, obscure, or difficult cases are submitted to a Council composed of the Medical Staff of physicians and surgeons—the Faculty of the World's Dispensary, over which I preside.

Advantages of Specialties.

By thorough organization and a perfect system of subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid consulting us is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which his or her case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the limit of a single life-time, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of *every* malady incident to humanity. A distinguished professor in the medical department of one of our universities, in an address to the graduating class, recently said: "Some professional men seem to be ashamed unless they have the character of universal knowledge. He who falls into the error of studying every thing will be certain to know nothing well. Every man must have a good foundation. He must, in the first place, be a good general practitioner. But the field has become too large to be cultivated in its entirety by one individual. Hence the advantage of cultivating special studies in large towns which admit of the subdivision of professional pursuits. It is no longer possible to know every thing; something must be wisely left unknown. Indeed, a physician, if he would know any thing well, must be content to be profoundly ignorant of many things. He must select something for special study and pursue it with devotion and diligence. This course will lead to success, while the attempt to do every thing terminates unavoidably in failure. Let there be single hands for special duties." The diversified tastes and talents of physicians enable each to excel in treating some one class of diseases to which he devotes more attention and study than to others.

The great majority of physicians allow acute maladies and diseases of children to engross most of their time and attention. They manifest an absorbing interest in every thing that relates to these subjects, and devote little or no time to acquiring an intimate knowledge of the great variety of chronic maladies which afflict mankind.

Not Necessary to See Patients.

By our original system of diagnosis we can treat most chronic diseases as successfully without as with a personal consultation, as our vast experience enables us to correctly determine the malady from which the patient is suffering—by a written history of the symptoms. We have never seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured.

Some may suppose that a physician can not obtain, through correspondence, a sufficiently accurate idea of the condition of a patient to enable him to treat the case successfully. But a large experience in this practice has proved the contrary to be true, for some of the most remarkable cures have been effected through the medium of correspondence. In most long-continued cases the patient has thought over his symptoms hundreds of times. The location of every pain, whether acute or mild, constant or occasional, and the circumstances under which it occurs, have been carefully noted. He has observed whether he had a rush of blood to the head, was feverish or chilly, whether troubled with cold hands and feet, whether full of blood, or pale and bloodless; and he states these matters with accuracy and common sense when writing to me, for he has a very good, if not a professional knowledge of the relative importance of these symptoms. So, in regard to digestion, he states what kinds of food agree with him, or whether he is troubled with excessive acidity or a flatulent condition of the stomach. He also informs us whether his tongue is coated or clean and healthy, and gives us many other particulars, too lengthy to enumerate, by which we are enabled to gain a perfect understanding of the case. If his description be not sufficiently complete to enable us to obtain an unmistakable understanding of the case, he is requested to answer a list of important questions which are sent him. The people are far more intelligent in these matters than physicians are generally willing to admit. A patient is often confused while being personally examined by a physician, and gives imperfect or incorrect answers. After he has left the presence of the physician, he finds that he has failed to enumerate many of the most important symptoms.

In Consulting by Letter

the patient is not embarrassed, states the exact symptoms, and carefully reads over the letter, to see if it is a complete and accurate description of his sufferings. In this way he conveys a much better idea of the case than if present in person and subjected to the most thorough questioning and "cross-examination." The timid lady and nervous young man write just as they feel; and one important reason why we have had such superior success in treating intricate and delicate diseases, is because we have obtained such true and natural statements of the cases from these letters, many of which are perfect pen-pictures of disease. As bank-tellers and cashiers, who daily handle large quantities of currency, can unmistakably detect spurious money, by a glance at the engraving or a touch of the paper, so the experienced physician, by his great familiarity with disease, becomes equally skilled in detecting the nature and extent of a chronic malady from a written description of its symptoms.

A careful microscopical examination and chemical analysis of the urine is a valuable aid in determining the nature of many chronic diseases, particularly those of the nervous system, blood, liver, kidneys, bladder, prostate gland, and generative organs. This important fact is not overlooked at the World's Dispensary, where an experienced chemist is employed to make such examinations and report the result to the attendant physicians. Medical authors, professors, and practitioners of all schools admit and even insist upon the importance of such examinations in diagnosing diseases. Many practitioners neglect to take advantage of this invaluable aid, while many others fear that if they attach much importance to such examinations they will be ranked with "uriscopian" or "water doctors," a class of enthusiasts who claim to correctly diagnose every disease by an examination of the urine. Persons consulting us and wishing to avail themselves of the advantages afforded by these examinations, can send small vials of their urine by mail or express. The vials should be carefully packed in saw-dust or paper, and inclosed in a light wooden box. All charges for transportation must be prepaid, and a complete history of the case, including the age and sex of the patient, accompany each package, or it will receive no attention. By thus directing the examiuation into the channels indicated, much valuable time is saved, and a lengthy series of experiments is avoided. As we are daily receiving numerous vials of urine, to prevent confusion, every sample should be labeled with the name of the patient who sends it.

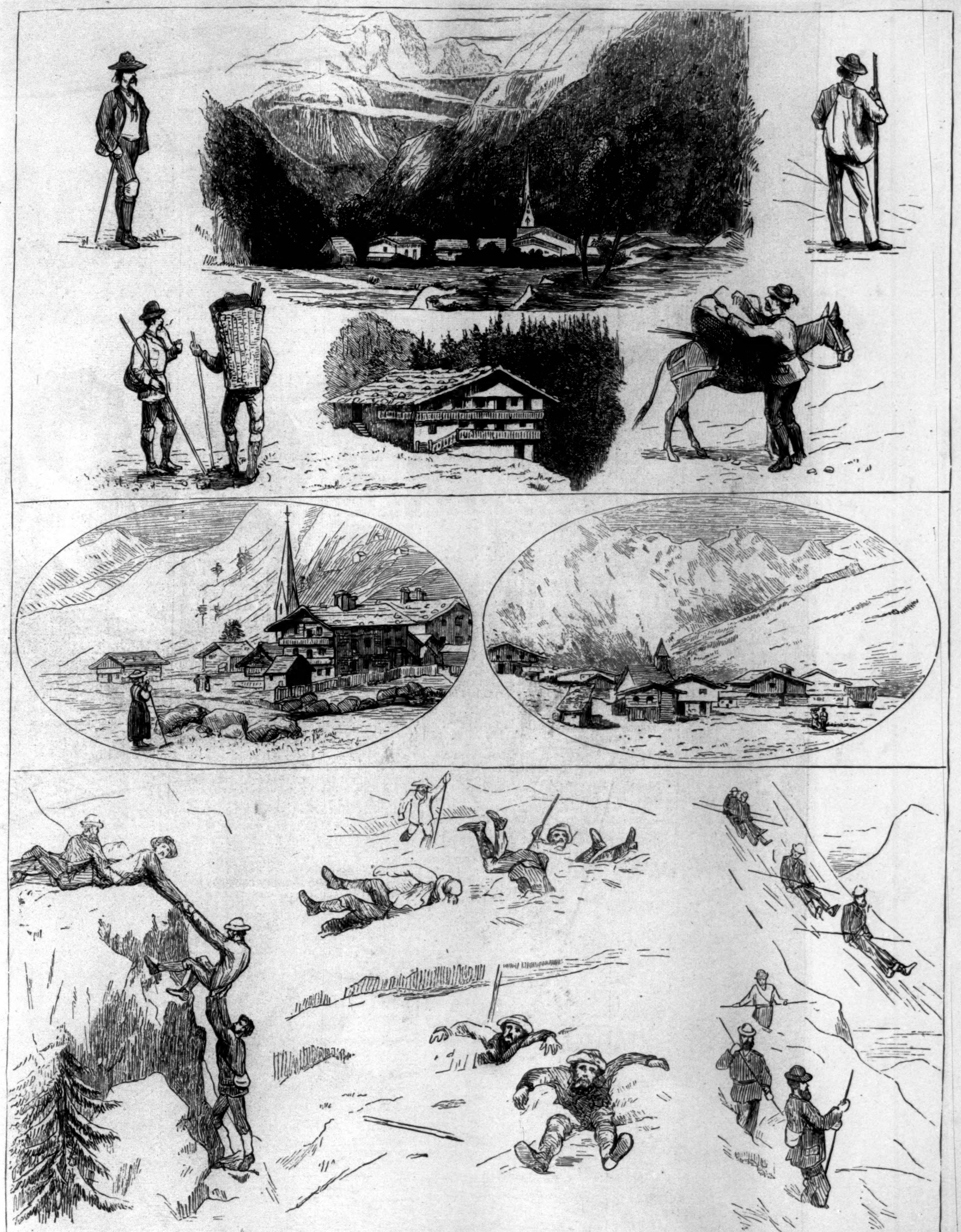
ANY PERSON SUFFERING

FROM

LINGERING or CHRONIC DISEASE

desiring to consult me by letter, will find in the *concluding article* of my recently published work

(*Continued on page 707.*)



SKETCHES IN THE TYROL.

THE ZILLERTHAL, TYROL.

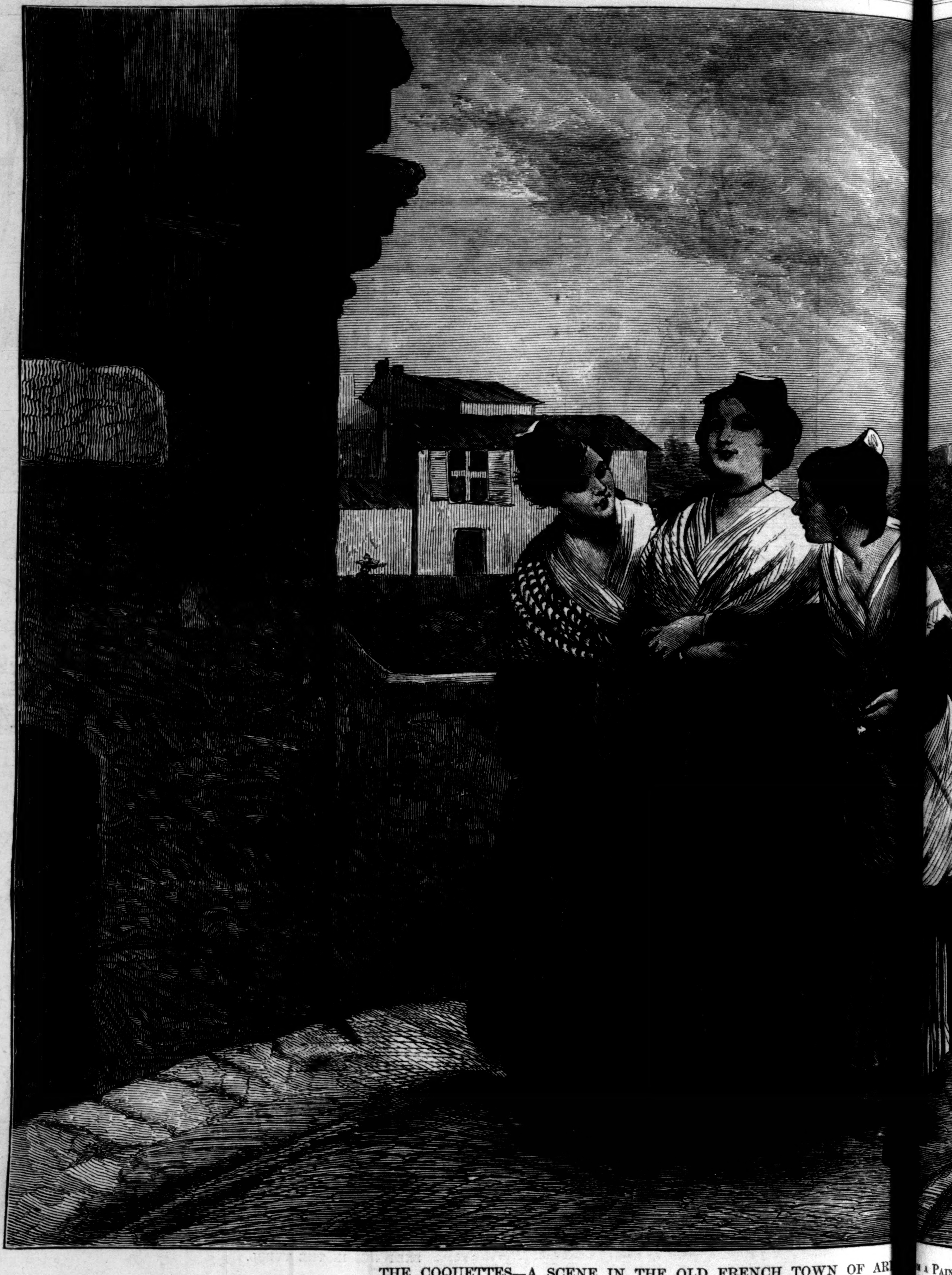
TOURISTS journeying south from Salzburg or Munich to Innsprück and Italy will do well to leave the train at Jenbach, or, during the summer months, at Bruxlegg, whence a post wagon runs daily to Zell, in the Zillerthal. Those journeying north from Innsprück should reverse the order of the following little tour, which we illustrate.

Our artist writes: Being somewhat early for the Tyrol, viz., May, and the season unusually late, the deep snow quite prevented the ascent of the lofty Ahornspitz or any of the mountains in the Zillerthal, and caused not a little difficulty in crossing the Joch, or pass. The drive from Jenbach to Zell, some sixteen miles, passes Schlitters and Fugen; on the way some peeps are obtained of the Riffal, Gerloswand, and other snow peaks.

Zell is prettily situated on the Ziller, and the Post, with JULIA, the maid, songstress and zithern-player, known well to all visiting this country, is a very comfortable inn. The surrounding valley is fertile, and from the town the views of the Gerloswand, Ahornspitz, and the Ingent, together with the Instenspitz, are very grand. From Zell to Mayrhofen the road is practicable for light carts, but the walk through the fields beside the river is preferable, and in two or three hours' easy walking reaches Mayrhofen. Here the valley divides into four branches, all of which are well worth exploring. Two days might be devoted to Mayrhofen, which commands fine views on all sides. The hotel is fairly comfortable, and, as is customary, the waitress attends well to her duties, which embrace those of host, waiter, and in fact every thing.

At Zell I joined two Indian officers on leave, who had arranged to cross the Duxer Joch, and as GEORGE MEYRL, the Mayrhofen guide, was against Tamser Thal and Pfitscher Joch to Sterzing, on account of the depth of the snow, we chartered GEORGE MEYRL, a mule, and driver, and started for Lauersbach. On leaving Mayrhofen we obtained alpenstocks, and made a slight detour to visit the garnet mines, and obtain specimens, consisting of some fourteen or more fine stones imbedded in Sinica clay. The path to Lauersbach follows the Duxerbach, the scenery being much varied. Shortly after leaving Mayrhofen a grand view of the Ahornspitz is obtained. At Linkenberg a halt is called to look down a very deep chasm over the river, and also to take a glass of wine at an inn not far distant. On all sides dense pine woods and snowy peaks close in the valley.

Starting about nine o'clock and walking easily, Lauersbach is reached about two o'clock. The inn is certainly not a luxurious one, but will be appreciated by any one who is wandering about enjoying mountain air and scenery. The fare consists chiefly of veal, kid, honey, and sometimes a sort of mountain trout (at least we were told that they sometimes caught trout in the river). As the sun sunk the hills gradually became glowing red, and then faded away into the evening sky. Here we enjoyed the Alpine after-



THE COQUETTES—A SCENE IN THE OLD FRENCH TOWN OF AR[...] A PAIN[...]

glow, so well known to all acquainted with the mountains. The vivid green grazing land round Lauersbach is looked down upon by peaks and fields of snow, and as evening comes on, the air becomes intensely cold. Two hours' walking takes you to Hinterdux, the last village, situated on a green plateau in the midst of a vast amphitheatre or basin of snow-fields, including the celebrated Gefrorne Wand glacier, whence springs a grand water-fall. The hot sulphur bath should be visited, and is most refreshing. The stillness pervading this basin was occasionally broken by distant thunder, and we could sometimes see huge masses of snow pouring over some precipice. In summer the walk over the pass is quite practicable for any average pedestrian. Being early in May, however, the snow was very deep (twelve feet and more was the average depth), and we had some hard scrambling and climbing, being for some hours nearly up to our shoulders in snow. We had three local guides or porters to carry our traps. The scenery is throughout magnificent. At Schmirein, on the other side of the pass, eggs, butter, and bacon are obtainable. Thence a walk of several hours through the Schmirein Thal reaches Stafflach, on the Breunertine. The crosses and chalet on this pass mentioned in guide-books were nowhere to be seen, snow covering them over and over again. Parts of the road through the Schmirein Thal are somewhat dangerous, as evidenced by the many little tablets with paintings recording accidents, and the usual request for passers-by to pray for the soul.

Should the tourist be pressed for time, two days would take him easily through this valley, viz., from Zell to Hinterdux, and on next day to Stafflach. But taking more time, feasting on the magnificent scenery, is preferable. German, more or less a patois, is spoken; but any one knowing German sufficiently to talk and understand when spoken to will have no difficulty. We noticed the *ich* is rendered *i*, pronounced *e*, and *nicht* is made *nitt*, thus—"*ich kann nicht*" becomes "*e kann nitt.*"

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

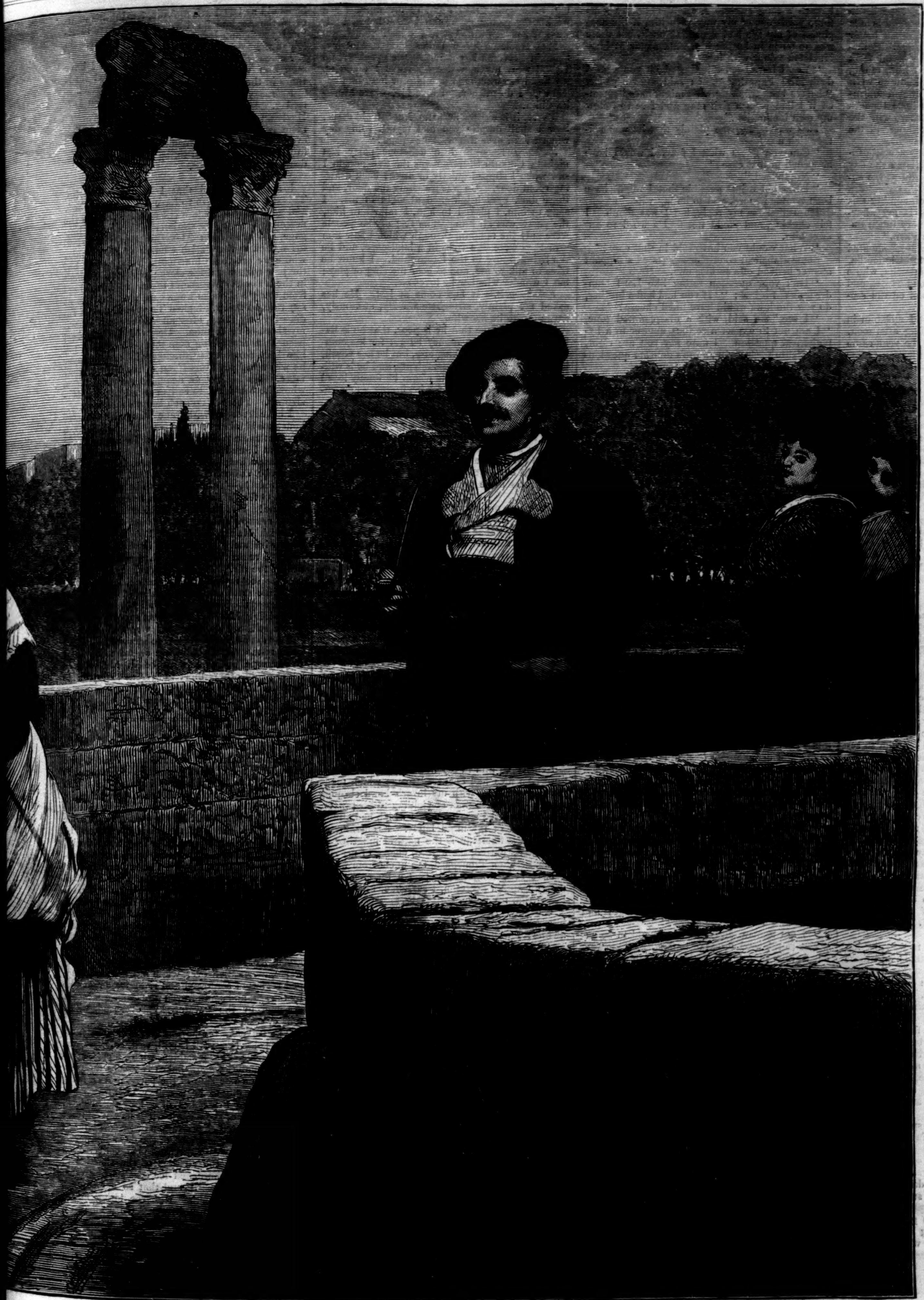
CHAPTER VI.

SIBYL'S DIARY CONTINUED.

December 30.—I have seen him again, three, four, five, six, seven times. Three times in Mrs. Hazleton's drawing-room, three times in the Park, when I [...] walking with [...] children, and o[...] [...]d Street, wh[...] had gone out a[...] [...]tter.

I dare say it [...] and that I [...] be ashamed o[...] I read over [...] dreadful diary, [...] [...]in Secretan [...] ed me whether [...] in the Park [...] the children, I [...] [...]hen he aske[...] what time, I s[...] [...]e and five; after that, whe[...] if I ever wen[...] alone, I told [...] [...]mes, just b[...] half past five, t[...] [...] letter.

How kind h[...] how interes[...] and how well w[...] [...]ch other, th[...] we have only [...]! There is



M A PAINTING IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON, 1875, BY P. H. CALDERON, R. A.]

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I read over this
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letter.

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each other, though
n! There is evidently no association for him in the name of Faunthorpe. This is only natural, as my mother did not marry till some years after her brother's quarrel with Philip Secretan. How much I regret now that I did not learn the exact particulars of that quarrel! I have only a vague idea of the circumstances; but from what my mother told me, I know that, although Philip Secretan was the sufferer, my uncle Stephen was as vindictive as if he also had been injured.

Perhaps the injurer is always more angry than the injured.

My mother always declared that her brother was innocent of guile or wrong-doing from first to last; but now that I know Mr. Secretan's son I feel still more inclined to side with my uncle's enemy.

He, Captain Secretan, has told me the history of his life, his careless, happy youth spent abroad with a father and mother whom he idolized. He was educated at Heidelberg, came from Heidelberg to Woolwich to an army tutor, joined his regiment at twenty, and sold out, after five years' service, a few months ago. He has now all the world before him, he says, and has only to choose a career. He is energetic and clever, and can hardly miss success in any thing he may attempt.

How changed our walks seem, now that there is always the chance of meeting him! As I see him coming to meet us along the wintry avenue the familiar scene seems to grow beautiful, the sun shines brighter, the birds break out into singing. They may have been singing before, perhaps, and I too absorbed to hear them; but it seems as if they began a glad chorus at his coming. I did not think that winter afternoons could be so beautiful; the calm, still air, the blue-gray sky, the black tracery of the tall elm-trees.

He told me yesterday that his father would have been a rich man but for the treachery of a friend whom he had loved and trusted. A cold, sick feeling came over me, just as if the treachery had been mine, and I had suddenly come face to face with my victim.

"The only lesson my father ever taught me was to revile that man's name, and to carry my hatred of him with me to the grave. An evil lesson for a kind-hearted man to teach, you'll say; but for all that, I don't believe there ever beat a kinder heart than my father's."

I can easily believe this. Kindness and sweet temper are Captain Secretan's chief characteristics; a bright good humor which cheers one like sunshine. A way of looking at life on the pleasantest side which would inspire hopefulness in the most dismal mind. I know how low-spirited, discontented, and wretched I was growing just before I knew him, and how changed and brightened life seems to me now.

The children dote upon him, and are as pleased